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MURAL PAINTING IN RELATION TO ARCHITECTURE: THE IMPORTANCE OF ESTABLISHING AN INTIMACY BETWEEN THE TWO ARTS: BY WILLIAM L. PRICE



WHILE as a people we are far less of an art people than we have been in the past, there are some generally recognized forms of art that are gaining ground with us, and we are building up schools of certain manifestations of the art sense. Among these, nothing is more definitely recognized than mural painting. Our legislators and public men are beginning to see the propriety of something more than mere brick and mortar in the housing of our public functions, and our growing wealthy classes stand prepared to put up money—the only thing in which they are preëminent—for the glorification of their getting, while the painters have not been slow to seize upon this opportunity for the display of their art. So that it may not be amiss to discuss mural painting in its relation to its parent, architecture.

So long as we are quite content to accept without thought or relevancy the architectural expression of other countries and ages, we may accept without question their methods of mural decoration as well. If American architecture is to be no more than a rearrangement of established forms of details without other relation to our expanding life than classic literature has to our expanding knowledge, then we might as well confine our discussion of mural painting to its expression in the Renaissance. But some of our painters are painting on the walls of our buildings subjects which however draped have a relation to modern life, and since our architecture is nearly all unmodern and some of our painting is modern, it may be worth while to discuss both ancient and modern mural painting in relation to architecture.

Whatever one may think about the glory and dignity of panel picture painting and its relation to life, I think no one will deny that wall painting should relate to walls. That is, to have an excuse on the walls of architecture it must be an extension of architecture. It

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must help the other architectural forms to express the purpose of the building. If so, we may set it down that wall painting, together with any other purely ornamental part of the building, must be more than beautiful as ornament to have a legitimate place in architecture. With that granted as principle, let us examine a little the mural painting of the past. I suppose that our modern mural painters would scarcely accept the painted walls of the ancients as mural painting. They would be relegated to the sphere of the decorator's art. But no matter how little relation they may have to painting as we know it, the best of them at least fulfilled the primary requirement as an extension of architecture. The well-preserved wall paintings of Pompeii with their strong flat tones and their conventionalized figures and fanciful architectural adjuncts always remain walls. They never give the sense of raised ornament nor of an opening through which we are looking. Few would think that it would be legitimate architectural painting to extend the length of a vaulted and pilastered corridor by painting in perspective a continuation of those pilasters and vaults upon the end of the corridor. How much more legitimate is it to paint on flat walls naturalistic landscapes, or allegorical figures floating in a luminous sky?

A PART from such flat wall painting as I have mentioned I can recall few mural decorations that are a true extension of the architecture of the edifice which they are supposed to adorn. Very splendid painting is the roof of the Sistine Chapel, but painted niches, carvings and moldings,—a plain vaulted ceiling so painted that the guide has to tell you that the moldings and figures are flat—this is scene painting, not architecture. Few of our painters or critics will defend this painting of projecting architectural detail; but how, let me ask, does it differ in essence from most of our mural painting, either of the Renaissance or of the present? It is true that a painting containing some tremendous prophecy might be important enough for us to build a temple about, of which it should be the focal point. It hasn't been painted yet. It is also true that a building built to enshrine some noble hope for the future, or to entomb some sacred human triumph of the past, might have emblazoned upon its walls that hope or that story. But where is it? Since we find it necessary to build shelters in which to worship God, or halls in which to work out human destinies, their walls and ceilings should look solid as well as keep out the heat or cold. Our painters paint too well, and the temptation is strong upon them to consider walls as so much canvas, not the sides of rooms. The Gothic builders who knew so little and guessed so much, whose knowledge of the past

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was so small but whose intuition was so pregnant, either did not want to or did not know how to paint in the round, so that even their shaded ornament remains flat, but I question if their architecture was extended or made more significant by paint, except where they merely colored their ornament or tinted their walls. Certainly the restoration of Gothic color ornament on buildings, even those by Viollet le Duc, are not an advantage to the buildings they are supposed to adorn. The stone cutter and the sculptor left little enough plain surface as a contrast to their fashioning of the builded form, but their painted ornament was at least flat, and unfortunately this may not be said of the wall paintings of our modern painters any more than those of the Renaissance. You see, our painters are geniuses, not builders, and they are not encouraged to become cobuilders by our architects who desire them to paint the eyes in the stolen peacock feathers of their art. Some of these modern paintings on walls are very splendid. They even add to our joy and pride, as in the new Pennsylvania State Capitol where they distract attention from the architecture, but they are not a part of those buildings,—“bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh.” Sargent’s prophets are wonderful painting, but not architecture. They are not even a frieze, but a painted band, and over them floats a ceiling, which by reason of its relief work and conventionalization of treatment is more solid and heavy than the frieze. Abbey’s knights are literary and therefore fitting for a library. They are, however, not walls, but holes in walls; they are illustrative painting. And Puvis de Chavannes’ paintings are, from my point of view, flat only because of their pasty colors. Take the more recent paintings of the rotunda of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. The stairways, balconies and columns have a certain solidness by reason of being built of marble. Even the ceilings look heavy enough to give the columns something to do. But the walls! There are none. A few thin and feeble laths of pilasters stand tremblingly in a sky of smoke lit up by the lurid glare of far down furnaces, and floating in this some lovely figures pay homage to the armed man of iron, also floating. He, of course, makes the scene impossible, but you don’t make a painting flat by making it improbable. And piercing the misty deeps are the doors to rooms which look as if they had wandered in quite by mistake. Is that an extension of architecture, Mr. Painter?

THE illustrator’s art may be and often is an extension of literature. It illumines the text. The artist’s pictures sometimes have great and noble thoughts enshrined in their beauty, and are their own excuse. But we have a right to demand that mural paint-

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ing shall be different from this. Color we need on our walls, as well as form, but how may we properly paint that form? The painters of the Renaissance set the pace by painting their splendid pictures without regard to the architectural surroundings or the purpose of the surface on which they painted, just as the architects used their forms without regard for material or structure. It did not fret them when their stone arches required iron rods to keep them from falling because the thrusts were not provided for in the piers. So that the painters cannot be blamed for using the wall for the glory of their art rather than for the glory of architecture; and as we are still in the Renaissance, still believe that dead forms fit us better than an expression of our own life in our buildings, we cannot blame the modern painters for falling into the trap of that gorgeous past.

But we are beginning to demand a vital architecture, and we must also demand vital and reasonable adjuncts to it. I make no attempt to set bounds to the possibilities of mural painting, although I myself see no way in which such painting can be kept flat without looking thin, and at the same time afford the artists anything like their present freedom of expression. The real trouble is that our schools and our layman's worship of art as expressed in painting and sculpture have divorced it from craftsmanship. Our painters learn to paint pictures first and walls afterward. They should learn "plain and decorative" house painting first. If our art schools were crafts schools primarily, as Gutzon Borglum demands that they shall be, we might have great hopes for a real mural art, and not so many of the students of such schools would spend their lives in hopeless disillusion, despising the only work they can get paid for. And out of the army of craftsmen, usefully employed in making and decorating the affairs of everyday life; would come up the giants of the brush, with something worth telling us besides the glory of their own skill, some message for the people, whom they would then know, as pregnant as the glorified folk music which constitutes all of the world's real music.

THERE was a time when the church dominated the life of the people and expressed their highest longings, and the highest and best of the painter's art was then expended for the glorification of the church as a church rather than of the architecture of the church. But we no longer build churches for the people, only for sects and classes of people, and there is little stimulus for the painter's art in them. They are not vital enough to woo the painter to their walls, and if he were to be induced to glorify their sectionalism he would be tied to an art as Mediæval as their conception of religion is, and those churches that are vital enough to demand a living ex-



From a Decoration by John Sargent in the Boston Museum.

"SARGENT'S PROPHETS ARE WONDERFUL,
BUT NOT ARCHITECTURE."



From a Decoration by E. A. Abbey, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

"'ABB'EY'S KNIGHTS ARE LITERARY, AND THEREFORE
FITTING FOR A LIBRARY: BUT THEY ARE NOT WALLS."



From a Decoration by Alexander Harrison in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

THESE PAINTINGS MAY BE AN EXTENSION OF LITERATURE,
BUT THEY ARE NOT AN EXTENSION OF ARCHITECTURE.



"VERY SPLENDID PAINTING IS THE ROOF OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL
... BUT IT IS SCENE PAINTING, NOT ARCHITECTURE."

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pression of a living religion are both too poor to pay the price and too interested in the work in hand to care to divert their fighting force to painted symbols. Until we have a church vital enough to draw the painters and builders to build its sanctuary for love, there will be no great art in our churches.

Neither are we worshipers of the State, as the Romans were. Our temples of the State are too often temples of graft and seldom a true expression of the needs and desires of the mass of the people, so that the opportunity they offer to the mural painter is not very seductive except as a means of livelihood or self-expression. One cannot look for a harmonious and convincing whole out of the opportunity offered our painters and sculptors by such a wretched sham as the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg. Commonplace in scheme, feeble and vapid in detail, without a note of modernism or relevancy to our democratic form of government, it is no more than an ill-fitting tomb for the work of conscientious painters, sculptors and craftsmen. While some of our public buildings are better built and follow more carefully the borrowed detail of the past, few if any of them are vital with the thoughts and enthusiasms of the present. In fact our so-called culture rather despises enthusiasms when expressed in the work of our hands and clings tenaciously to the learning and enthusiasms of other days made respectable by death.

The theater might well lend itself to the painter's brush. It is the home of symbolism. Its work is both educational and joyous. We pay well to be amused and diverted, and we might reasonably demand that some of our money be spent on the embellishment of the playhouse by the hands of our master painters.

But we are primarily a domestic people, and it is about our homes that we should expect to center our greatest efforts for beauty. But except in the transplanted palaces of the rich, we have to be content with the very simple forms of decoration and we seem barred out of our greatest heritage, the significant art of our fellow men. But for the questionable advantage of the occasional visit to galleries and exhibitions of painting, our lives are pretty much devoid of real art except for music, and yet here where we live should we find the stimulus to endeavor and growth wrapped up in the true art products of master men.

We have so stupidly arranged our economic relations that even the craftsmen who make or could make beautiful things cannot afford to buy each other's wares. This would not be so true if our art people were craft people first and what we recognize as artists afterward, and it is this very lack of craftsmanship, of willingness to serve our fellow men in the little things, that keeps us from doing the

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big things. All great music is glorified folk music, and all great architecture is glorified craftsmanship, and we may not have the one without the other. Architecture is not diagrams, paper plans, but building materials put together by craftsmen, with wall and roof, pinnacle or dome, fashioned in lines of beauty, sculpture that is cut upon the necessary stones of the edifice, color and form built into its walls, splendid with the aspirations of designers, of users and of fashioners alike, tentative, seeking always the simple and higher form, content to be destroyed to make way for the new day's life, a record of growth primarily and of knowledge secondarily,—this is architecture. And it will come only when the builders, painters, architects and sculptors stoop to conquer,—pick up the tools of the crafts, knowing that nothing is too lowly to be glorified that is of service to man. Self-expression may reach its highest plane in ornamenting and making expressive the commonplace, and only by being a servant of the commonplace can one hope to become the master of art's consummate glories.

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WHAT are the fears and toils of life to me,
That I should tremble on my guarded throne
Or plead for pity, making human moan
Like any helpless creature! Verily
The crown is to the conqueror, and I see
Beyond this hour of battle. I have sown
With lavish hand my fertile fields, and own
The plenty of my harvests. Destiny,
Tyrant of slaves, is servant of my will;
To all my gods are her libations poured,
And only at my bidding may she fill
The cups of good and evil on my board.
My song Time's warning finger shall not still,
Nor Death destroy me with his flaming sword.

ELSA BARKER.

JOAQUIN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA: A MODERN SPANISH MASTER: BY KATHARINE M. ROOF



S YOU step from the dull light and dead air of the Subway into the clear cold wind that blows across the Hudson on your way to the Sorolla pictures, you get something of that impression of sunshine, freshness and blueness that you feel in your first glance at one of the Spanish master's canvases. Early and late on certain days the ragged perpendicular blue shadows on the Palisades are such as Sorolla loves to paint.

The library and museum founded by Archer M. Huntington and presented by him to the Hispanic Society of America, was opened to the public a little over a year ago. It is the gift of one who loves Spain and the Spaniards to the people of his own country, given that they may become better acquainted with the art, history and literature of Spain and Portugal. The present exhibit of the pictures of Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida is part of this plan. It is to be followed by another of the work of Zuloaga, a Spanish painter not generally known in America.

What an epitome of the history of the city and of our country is that little northwest edge of Manhattan where the Huntington building stands! It faces Audubon Park, named for the great naturalist whose house is close by—with a mansard roof added at the period when that adornment seemed an indispensable part of domestic architecture. Trinity graveyard is a block away, and not far off the grave of The Amiable Child. There are houses that tell of the time when that region was country, of the time when it was suburban, of the period when it became city and outskirts. The story is told in the architecture of the neighborhood, which ranges from that of the simple homely late sixties and early seventies to the rococo horrors that followed, and the subsequent Queen Anne cottage era that imagined itself æsthetic, and concludes with the smug impersonality of the modern flat. Then there are great mounds of raw earth in process of upheaval, preparatory to further building, and about their edges are the improvised shacks belonging to the Italian laborers, recent citizens, who are doing the work. As you glance in and see them at their lunch, glimpses of dark faces and red neck-scarfs recall their relationship to the Latin nation to which the new library and museum a block away is a monument, a striking illustration of the mixture of races in our English-speaking country. For this building, the most recently finished of all, fitly stands for the present period of America's development. Its entrance is flanked by two flags,—the yellow and red that symbolizes the ancient beauty of an old race and

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a Southern country, the stars and stripes that stand for a new land and that are brave if not beautiful.

THOSE who keep in touch with current affairs in Paris, which is still the cosmopolitan art center of the world, know that the best work in the yearly Salon is no longer that of French painters but of Spanish and American artists. The opportunities of Americans at home for familiarizing themselves with contemporaneous Continental art are, of course, more limited, although foreign artists are represented at our expositions. Sorolla, I believe, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition. For the benefit of those who wish to know something about the painter himself, it may be stated that he was born in Valencia of humble parents who died in his childhood; that he was adopted by his uncle, a locksmith, who had planned the same career for his nephew. When the boy's talent manifested itself, however, he was permitted to attend an art class, and at fifteen Sorolla definitely gave up locksmithing and devoted all his time to studying art. Subsequently he visited Rome and Paris and came in touch with the more varied field of Continental art. But the boy who had seen the Velasquezes in the Madrid museum had already read the last word of the history of art up to its present writing. Add to the imperishable name of the seventeenth-century master that of Goya of the century preceding our own, and you realize the ideal that is before the Spanish painters of today.

People have different ways of acquainting themselves with pictures, as they have their individual ways of enjoying other things. It has occurred to me sometimes in a gallery that if people must be instructed in printed monologues "How to Listen to Music" and "How to Judge a Picture," it might be an excellent idea for someone to write on "How to Enjoy the Arts" in question. The first maxim would certainly be "Be honest with yourself and don't pretend to like a picture that doesn't really appeal to you," and the second would be "Don't attempt to do too much at a time." Studying pictures is peculiarly fatiguing to the eye and attention, and after a short time the mind ceases to record impressions. Yet even people who have realized this fact will attempt to take in all the pictures in a foreign gallery or a large exhibition in one long visit. The artist or art student, of course, approaches a picture with a different viewpoint from that of the layman, for to the professional the greatest interest lies in the way the thing is done. But it seems to me that the visitor studying the Sorolla collection—and indeed this is true of all "one man exhibits"—will receive the truest impression of the painter's temperament and quality by first walking neither too quickly nor



SEÑOR JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA
OF VALENCIA AND MADRID.



"LEONESE PEASANTS": JOAQUÍN
SOROLLA Y BASTIDA, PAINTER.



"SEA IDYL": JOAQUIN SOROLLA
Y BASTIDA, PAINTER.



HIS MAJESTY ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN
JOAQUIN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA, PAINTER.



"OLD CASTILIAN": JOAQUIN SOROLLA
Y BASTIDA, PAINTER.



"NAKED BABY": JOAQUIN SOROLLA
Y BASTIDA, PAINTER.

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too slowly through all the rooms, inevitably pausing longer before some than others, and selecting, of course, unconsciously those he will return to afterward. Taken in this way one realizes at once vividly the painter's choice of subject, which means his art personality. It is clear that the thing that appeals most strongly to this Spanish master in outdoor subjects is the beauty of flesh and white and bright-colored stuffs in brilliant sea sunlight. But there are also a number of strongly individualized portraits. One can fairly feel the wind and the hot sunshine, smell the salt air, hear the children's voices in these beach subjects. It is not too much to say that no one since the beginning of the *Plein Air* movement has dealt so successfully with the problem of the figure in outdoor atmosphere. One canvas, "The Grandson," shows the most wonderful painting of a child's white naked back in the sunlight against the background of the sea. Another, "Low Tide," a little barefoot girl carrying a pail over the wet sand is of an incredible freshness and verity,—the clear sweep of the gray-blue sand, the little crisp light-colored figure, with small but poignant touches of red, blue and violet in her hair and hat ribbons and in remote figures. "Taking in the Sail," an old man with a red cap in sunlight against a dark background of intensely blue sea, is an extraordinary piece of painting. So is the "Little Girl with Blue Ribbon," a pink child against blue sand. "Children in the Sea," a group of naked boys in the water, is technically a marvel. The way the figures and their reflections are blotted into the blue is a thing to inspire awe in the heart of the student. Another group called simply "Children on the Beach" is an indescribable transcription of the light, shade and evasive mixture of both that one sees upon flesh in the strong sea sunlight with its attendant blue shadow. It is one of the canvases that must have made the painter supremely happy when he saw how he had caught the elusive thing and pinned it there. "After the Bath" is another such a marvel of achievement. It shows the figure of a young girl in a wet bathing suit of some light-colored cotton stuff which clings here and there to her figure. A young man is covering her with a white sheet which is half in shade, half in dazzling sunlight. The painting of the sunlight, the light and shade on the reddened faces and flesh, the color of the flesh through the wet cloth is a revelation of technique. A small canvas of bathers, presented to our own painter, William M. Chase, by the artist, a mere indication, blotting in of figures, is another marvel of effect and generalization. "Sea Idyl," another study of bathers, a boy and girl lying on the sand, shows a delightful effect of the boy's bare legs half submerged in the water. In all of these beach subjects the attitudes of the bathers are almost startlingly characteristic.

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All the instinctive actions and movements of the baby, the small boy, the little girl in the water have been caught and recorded. If there is a defect, an occasional failure of effect, in these remarkable pictures, it is in the painting of the water, which now and then has a lack of verisimilitude, of texture. The problem of preserving the dazzling brilliancy of white material and human flesh in strong sunlight against water is one that is seldom successfully dealt with. The rub comes in the process of lowering the tone of the water sufficiently to preserve the brilliancy of the effect without sacrificing the essential quality of looking like water. It is a subtle and complex problem. Most of the work of the painters commonly labeled as impressionists lacks lamentably in—if it does not display utter ignorance of—the question of values.

The three large canvases in the upper gallery are the least interesting in the exhibition. "Beaching the Boat" looks as if it were an earlier canvas, wrought before the painter had, in the popular phrase, found himself. The landscapes without figures, upon the whole, give one the feeling of being inferior in quality to the rest of the work. Some suggest Monet. The "Shadow of the Alcantara Bridge" is an interesting exception, in which the picture might be said to be in the water. "St. Martin's Bridge," a study of water, a bridge and the opposite shore is also delightful.

NOT the least interesting thing in the exhibition,—perhaps the most so from the professional standpoint—is the marvelous collection of small canvases of which almost every one is a masterpiece. No one has ever given more successfully the sense of what the eye takes in at the first glance—but it is the glance of the master! Such an exquisite sense of mass, of light and dark, of the exact value of vivid spots of color, must be revealed to most perceptions through the eyes of the painter. The majority of these small canvases are beach subjects,—a group of bright-colored figures, one or two isolated bits of color against the sands, effects in color, tone, light and shadow, all with the value, the sense of space and atmosphere, of large canvases.

The portraits and indoor studies furnish more material for study—Sorolla is a wonderful object lesson for the student. The mother and small baby in bed, a study of the painter's wife and child, is striking, humanly and artistically,—the beautiful simple painting of the two great masses of white,—the bed and the wall, and the two spots of the faces, the dark profile of the mother turned toward the mystery of her baby's small pink face. Two of the most interesting portraits in the collection are of the painter's wife. Both show her

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in black, in one standing, the significant note of a red spindle chair touched in at the left; the other is seated in a dark interior, the hands and bits of the gown come out into the light, but the smile shimmers obscurely in the shadow. Another portrait of the artist's little girl Maria with a note of red in her dark hair is a fascinating bit of painting. There are a number of portraits of men of widely varying types, and the interesting thing about them, above and beyond their technical excellence, is their unusual quality of reflecting the individuality of the subject instead of focusing attention upon the technique or mannerisms of the painter. Each portrait gives one the feeling of having actually seen the person represented. They are painted, in short, in the subject's atmosphere, not the artist's.

At the second seeing, the interest—to one having that interest—centers most strongly upon the technique. The thing one realizes first is its inspiring freshness. There is not a suggestion of uncertainty, worry or fumble. The less successful canvases just turned out so—the accident of spontaneous expression. As Mr. Chase often says to his pupils, it is only the mediocre man whose work is always even. Yet do not let anyone misunderstand this use of the word spontaneous. Years of study lie behind that fresh direct expression that we admire in the work of the master. The sure strong swirl and stroke of Sorolla's brush is the result of complete mastery of the elements of his art. There is no hesitation. It has the certainty of the brush of the Japanese artist. Notice the wonderful simplicity of the drawing that expresses the delicate subtle lines,—the baby's legs contracted at the touch of water, the characteristic anatomy of the little boy, the subtlety of the flesh tones, so modeled yet so faintly differentiated in value and color. But Sorolla is no longer conscious of these things that burden the mind of the student. He has learned them and forgotten them. He saw his picture finished in his mind before he put his brush to canvas. Each stroke was sure and a step to the end. The canvases of many painters—some of our tonalists in particular—are not devoid of the suggestion that their effect was stumbled upon by accident, and only too often the paint is fumbled into deadness in the process. This is true of the work of one of our landscapists who commands high prices. But it is never the case with Sorolla. Everywhere one is struck with the freshness of the idea as it first came to the painter. And the idea is always clear. There is no room for doubt in our minds as to why the painter chose his motive.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF SPECIALIZATION: A METHOD NEEDED WHICH WILL ADAPT THE WHOLE RACE KNOWLEDGE TO THE COMMON LIFE: BY SIDNEY MORSE



WHAT the world wants today is a new conception of democracy. That the common man, often falsely called the ignorant man, is the most important social factor; that the mass of common men is the basis of social law and order and its heart the social center of gravity; that the common way of life is the right way,—all these are phases of a more democratic habit of thought to which we must return.

These facts will be more apparent on consideration of the opposite extreme represented by the modern type of specialist. The phrase "common man" is suggestive. There is a certain amount of knowledge,—as of the nutritive and reproductive functions—that a man must have to be human and to be normal. This knowledge all men share in common. The significant fact concerning the so-called common man is that he has little other knowledge. He is not ignorant. As compared with animals or savages, he knows much. But his knowledge, being common to all, does not attract the attention of his fellows. The most advanced specialist is an opposite extreme. His distinction is due to the fact that he has a knowledge of his specialty possessed by no other human being save himself. There is a vast gap between these antipodes.

So regarded, the specialist is at once seen to be in a lonely and precarious position. He is a pioneer beyond the confines of knowledge. The heart of humanity beats back yonder, centrally, in the mass of common men. The varied interests of human life are there. These the specialist has forsaken. One is reminded of the Forty-niner who abandoned home and friends, placed his all on a prairie schooner and directed his footsteps toward Sutter's Creek. Piece by piece he lightened his load of possessions, to arrive at last,—if by chance he did arrive,—a spent and not infrequently a broken creature.

The confines of knowledge are now so extensive and the frontier is so far away that to reach it a man must concentrate the energies of a lifetime upon a single task. Concentration is essential to the specialist. Unavoidably it implies neglect of other things. And society, like Nature, punishes neglect of function by atrophy. The specialist tends to encroach upon the time due to the interests and obligations of common life,—friends, family, society. His specialty detracts from the duties of parent, of citizen or of churchman. He not infrequently withdraws from these to spend himself in the attempt

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to outstrip every competitor in the race for scientific achievement. And friends and society, by a law of Nature, repay him by like neglect. Common men have no use for the specialist. Eventually he wins, perhaps, but the mass of men take little account of his winning. A few newspaper notices, soon forgotten; a few magazine articles that nobody understands; a few books unread; vast potential good, no doubt, to coming generations, but little present benefit, and least of all to the specialist,—such is the record.

But, notwithstanding, the age of specialization is hardly past. We are in the thick of it. It pervades every phase of life. Farmers specialize, laborers specialize; so do business men, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, educators. Scientists specialize, of course. Doubtless a distinction should be drawn between the scientist who specializes in Sanskrit and the workman who specializes in shoe-pegs. But there is truth in the witticism of a philanthropist who referred to a specialist in the natural sciences as "a kind of sublimated day-laborer."

MEANTIME we are told that the day of the all-round man has passed. In pioneer times most men were farmers, most women mothers and housekeepers. We are told that the farmer's family of past generations conducted some sixty-five occupations on his farm, each of which has given rise, in modern times, to a distinctive trade. The farmer was carpenter, blacksmith and carriage ironer. He worked metals. He made boots and shoes. He built furniture. And the women of his family spun, dyed, and wove cloth, made rugs, carpets, and the like. Nowadays a farmer goes to a blacksmith for metal work, hires a carpenter to construct and repair his buildings, and buys at the general store cheap factory-made articles. We are told that these articles are a thousand times better than the crude, homespun and handmade fabrics and furnishings of his grandparents; further, that no man willingly would hark back to the days of his grandsires. But this would seem to be a mere begging of the question.

At all events, in those days they made men. And a question is persistently coming up from all points of the compass as to the mental and moral fiber of the rising generation. The suspicion is shrewdly gaining upon us that perhaps, in the process of cheapening everything, we are turning out also a generation of cheap humanity; which proposition, if it be demonstrable, would cause us to question whether the benefits of specialization and the division of labor resulting in cheapness may not, after all, have been too dearly bought.

The same question presents itself in the domain of education.

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A recent volume lays the axe at the root of the tree. Or, to change the figure, like a high explosive, it seems likely to shatter the foundations of present methods in education and ultimately to clear the way for a sounder basis and more enduring superstructure, for it frankly points out that the way of advancement for the college teacher now is through specialization. His back is accordingly turned to the groups of undergraduates in his classes and his face is set toward the confines of advanced learning. Undergraduates are the sons of common men. The college or university teacher too frequently has little time for them and less sympathy, for the energies of the specialist are absorbed in striving to win place in the ranks of scientific investigators. He abstracts himself from his class to concentrate upon his monograph, and meantime the undergraduates are as sheep without a shepherd.

That the effect of extreme specialization must be to narrow the individual to the focus of his specialty, will hardly be denied. A farmer's boy, making for himself a pair of shoes, gains breadth of skill and aptitude as far beyond comparison with that of the artisan whose day's work is making shoe-pegs, as crude handiwork is below the standard of a modern factory. But making shoes represents one sixty-fifth of the skill of the old-time farmer's boy; making shoe-pegs, one sixty-fifth of the task of a modern factory. And the square of sixty-five would suggest perhaps the superior advantage in intellectual development of a New England farm training a hundred years ago, as compared with the factory life of today. They had a saying once that the great crop of New England was men. The saying is as old-fashioned now as the mode of life that justified it.

UNFORTUNATELY, the evils of over-specialization are not confined to the specialists. There is something seductive about a new trail. Men like to follow it just to see where it will end. And the specialist, naturally enough, likes to justify his own wisdom. The result is that we are all solicited to specialize, and that not in one but in fifty directions. The day of the all-round man being at an end, let the boy decide what he is to be. Let him elect studies and shape all efforts to that end. Or, if he cannot decide for himself, let him take advice of the experts until he can make his own election. The difficulty is that the doctors disagree. The specialists have not only moved diametrically away from the social center of gravity but at different angles to one another. The farther they advance, the farther apart they become. Thus having little sympathy with common men, they have less with one another. Among college teachers, the specialist in ancient languages advocates

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the classics as the gymnasium of the mind and the main avenue to social distinction. The specialist in modern languages disparages dead language and urges English or other modern tongues. The expert in mathematics ignores the languages and advocates specialization in his department. Is it surprising that among these conflicting opinions, a student not infrequently is said to select the master who is the best fellow and the subjects that he thinks likely to be easiest to get through?

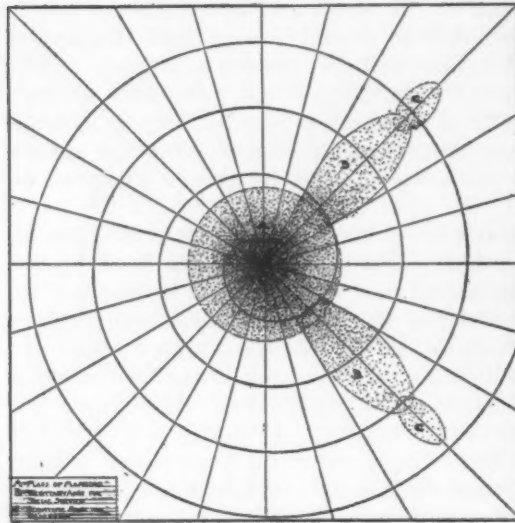
The result of excessive specializing are so numerous and apparent that they need only be suggested. The whole influence of this principle is centrifugal. It is anti-social. It tends to split up the family, giving each member an interest not shared in common, and thus to disorganize the home. It tends also to disrupt the village community by impelling the more intelligent members to pursue the lines of their special interests toward centers of population. It disrupts the church into sects and the sects into cliques. It has produced chaos in the educational world. By its very nature it loosens all bonds. Common men are injured when their sons are taken from them to become specialists. And the specialist, who gets most out of touch with common life, is the most injured of all.

Of course, it goes without saying that the wheels of time cannot be set back. A case could doubtless be made in favor of the specialists which would justify them in the good opinion of mankind. Civilization has profited by the fruits of their labors. We have them amongst us and we would not willingly dispense with them even if we could. The question then is not how to destroy, but how to construct. How may we turn to account the results of specialization in such fashion as to counteract its abuses and take advantage of the resulting good?

THE interpretation of the diagram on page twenty-eight may afford a clue to the solution of this problem. The field of society is seen to consist of a mass of common men, a great majority of the race, located centrally. The radial lines indicate the direction of the various tendencies of scientific investigation. The spiral suggests the rhythm of human evolution; the isolated dots, the position of specialists pushing out toward the confines of knowledge.

It is at once seen that no matter how far, under modern conditions, a specialist may go, he is not quite alone. The most advanced worker has always at his heels a little group of his rivals and associates. Modern means of communication have brought these remote groups into close intellectual touch, and the result has been to give occasion to the principle of voluntary association which, in its nature, is com-

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plementary to the principle of specialization. It is centripetal. It is social. In the rhythm of evolution the outward push of the specialist is met by this inward corresponding pull. The principle of voluntary association has come as a remedy for the dangers we fear from extreme specialization, and the result is a balance which at once widens and cements the foundations of the social order.

The most advanced groups of scientific thinkers, becoming conscious of

their aloofness from common life, recognize in their specialty a bond of union. Associates and disciples, even rivals, are bound together by this tie, and thus by voluntary association various scientific bodies are formed. The first effect of this closer knitting of human bonds among advanced thinkers is, perhaps, to revive their social sympathies. Local, national and international congresses are held. Friendships are formed. Wives and families attend and become acquainted. The younger men, in the attitude of discipleship, establish personal relations with their elders. But on the other hand this type of voluntary association is not wholly beneficial, for the effect is also to accentuate the prejudices of the most advanced specialists against common men and the common way of life. The lone specialist, cut off by his very learning from the sympathy of mankind, is a pathetic figure. He may return upon the critics, who characterize him as "dried up," scorn for scorn and look for his reward to future generations, but he is in some need of human companionship. With a group of associated specialists the case is otherwise. They derive mutual strength from union and it seems unfortunately too true that the attitude of the most advanced thinkers, the men who just now are determining the ideals of the race, is largely disdainful of common men and skeptical as to the idea of true democracy. This is not merely a figure of speech. The editor of a great modern encyclopedia reports to the writer that scientific experts, as a rule, not only disdain to "write down" to the masses the results

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of their investigations, but appear, when they condescend to the attempt to do so, to be incapable of making themselves understood by common men. The prejudice of the common mind against specialists and the corresponding embittered hauteur of advanced thinkers toward the masses throw into strong relief the extremes of the gulf by which society threatens to become divided.

FORTUNATELY, the principle of voluntary association is rapidly producing a new type of social institution from which there seems to be abundant promise. This is the voluntary association for social service, of which the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis may be taken as a type. Associations of this sort are composed of two classes of persons, shading gradually into one another; and, in opposite directions, merging into the mass of common men upon the one hand and into the scientific associations upon the other. One new and most interesting type is the modern social worker, the man (or woman) who perhaps knows very little more about technical aspects of the prevention of tuberculosis than does the common man; but who sees the need and possesses the social sympathies, the tact and insight needful to disclose the remedy to those who are afflicted. The opposite type is, of course, the trained medical man or the social worker. He has advanced in the way of specialization so far as to meet upon a footing of discipleship, if not of equality, the leaders in medical or other research in a given direction. But he has now faced about and is directing his energies toward conveying to the common mind the needful accession of knowledge that will enable humanity in the mass to effect cures and avoid contagion. Such an institution as the New York School of Philanthropy, where the humblest social worker may come in contact with the most advanced philanthropic thought and training, stands as a milestone of human progress. Perhaps no more significant institution exists today.

The name of these voluntary associations, which extend the left hand, nearest the heart, to the common man, and the right hand of intellectual fellowship to the most advanced scientific thinker, is legion. There is perhaps a tendency to overdo the remedy and to create unwisely a multiplicity of associations. Indeed we are still on the backward track from extreme specializing and this principle has not yet lost its hold upon us. The very associations that are counteracting the evils of too much specialization are themselves specializing. Indeed, along each of the radial lines of scientific investigation a voluntary association is springing up, valuable in itself,

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but mischievous in so far as it is indifferent or even detrimental to other efforts.

Perhaps the best illustration of the danger of over-specialization, even in efforts that are themselves social and synthetic in their tendencies, may be found in the difficulties inevitably met in small towns and villages in establishing branches of the various national organizations. There are in a given village but few persons of sufficient initiative, courage and enthusiasm to inaugurate a campaign of any kind. Let us say that there are three. One chances to become interested in the movement against Child Labor, another in that for the prevention of Tuberculosis, and the third specializes against Cruelty to Animals. Each attempts to organize locally. Each appeals to the public for funds to support the respective national organizations. The obvious result is unwise duplication of machinery, inadequate organization and support, temporary and sporadic effort. What is wanted in every village and hamlet is a federated local body that shall represent and keep in touch with every worthy national movement.

THE next step obviously is an ultimate association of associations, —a federation or merger of all those who, having pursued the path of specialization until they felt the tug of social sympathy, have faced about and are now seeking, from the so-called "sociological point of view" and in the new spirit of so-called "philanthropy," to bring back to common men the gold and gems and other merchandise that the pioneers have unearthed in newly discovered fields of learning. To make the whole movement concrete and give it a visual image in the imagination, let us assume the possibility that every national or international voluntary association, either for the advancement of learning or the betterment of human life, could be housed under a single roof in New York City, or otherwise. Let us suppose further that the official heads of these various associations should form a democratic body somewhat analogous in influence to the Royal Society of Great Britain, or the Academy of France, with an executive head and adequate organization. Thus if every voluntary association of sincere purpose and substantial merit would find its efforts focused upon a single point, would not the effect be to accomplish in the largest fashion the good results that have already accrued, in the special field of charities, through the Charity Organization of New York, in the efforts of the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, and otherwise? The conception appeals to the imagination and who shall say that it is not within the possibilities of coming years?

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The existence of such an institution would, of course, be instantly made known by the periodical press throughout the rank and file of democracy. Once admit the thought that any person in need of guidance how to aid his fellow man could, by addressing a letter to a single individual,—the executive head of the ultimate association of associations,—obtain the best available knowledge and most adequate possible coöperation, and one is at the brink of a new revival of the principle of democracy greater than the world has ever seen. The conception is perfectly simple. The task of society, broadly speaking, is to transmit to the rising generation with usufruct its heritage from the fathers. The principle of specialization contemplates dividing individuals, families and communities along lines of special interests and transmitting to each piecemeal a fraction of the race knowledge.

WHAT is wanted is a new type of institution and a new educational propaganda which will contemplate nothing less than focusing upon the individual the entire race knowledge in its adaptation to the common life. And this must be done, not by taking the boy or girl away from the family, still less by alluring visions of inaccessible rewards and distant distinctions,—but by dignifying the common life. What our boys and girls want is to learn how to be happy at home; how to make the old farm pay; to overcome the loneliness and the inertia of rural life; to conquer disease, vice and ignorance,—not to run away from them; to transform housework into domestic economy; to make social life educational, home life artistic. The waters of learning, so long dammed into reservoirs, to be sluiced off through the exclusive mill-wheels of the college and university system, must be tapped and led abroad to irrigate the farms and the gardens of common men. The university of the people, which will mean that men can get all that is valuable of the higher learning at their own firesides and at intervals in the occupations of common life, can no longer be regarded as an impossibility. It may be said, with safety, that it is at hand. Some men will continue to specialize. Others will go abroad to bring home again the results of their labors. But the dawn is at hand of a renascence of Democracy, when the life of the farm, of the work-bench and of domestic labor will be regarded as the ideal life, because the individual worker, without leaving his natural environment, will be admitted to a full share in the total enlightenment of the race.

THE PLACE OF PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE ARTS: ITS PROGRESS AS REVEALED IN THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: BY GILES EDGERTON



PHOTOGRAPHY, active, vivid, useful, new, Western, has up to the present had a hard time getting "into society"—as represented by the so-called fine arts. These very exclusive arts—fine perhaps because useless, with high barriers shutting out the vulgar industrial arts—have since the first success of the Photo-Secession school regarded the artist-photographer as a bold climber, a pretentious *parvenu*, all very well in his proper place as a mechanic or mere scientist, but not to be allowed the slightest opening wedge of admission among the fine, the creative arts, those who claim as their ancestors imagination and spiritual insight. Into this aristocracy of achievement photography was not to be admitted solely because of that low associate, that mere workman, the camera. The chisel and brush and pen held back in scorn at the idea of companionship with anything so utilitarian as a plate or a film.

In England, Germany, France, these boundaries in art were for years accepted without question and with the humility proper in countries where class distinctions rule all phases of expressive existence. But America revolted. The younger photographers of this country went about their work quietly, saying nothing at all about art, in no wise seeking to imitate the ways of the painters, asking nothing and pretending nothing, but working constantly with imagination, skill, patience, to prove their belief that the camera could be made as fluent and subtle a medium of expression as brush and paint or chisel and stone. This spirit has naturally resulted in such extraordinary progress that others besides the photographers are beginning to ask, "What of photography as an art? How is such achievement to be ranked?" "What is the work displayed in the International Exhibit of Pictorial Photography recently held in New York at the National Arts Club if we hold back the word art in connection with it?" As a matter of fact, during the exhibit one frequently heard the point of view expressed that not only had photography grown to be recognized as one of the arts but, because of the quality of its development, essentially an art closely and intimately related to American civilization—revealing as it does imagination, vividness, sincerity, audacity, the pioneer spirit, an appreciation of science—all characteristics which seem native to the America of this century.

Of course, no one dreams of contending that photography origi-



JOHN RUSKIN: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT
1843 BY DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL, ENGLAND.



"FALAISE": FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT
DEMACHY, WHICH IS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE
MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL.



By Permission of the Photo-Secession.

"MOONLIGHT—VILLA D'ESTE": FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY HEINRICH KUEHN, SUGGESTING THE ART NOU-
VEAU SCHOOL IN GERMANY.



"WHITE GRAPES": BY BARON A. DE MEYER, THE BEST KNOWN OF THE VIENNESE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

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nated in America or that some isolated examples of very good early work have not been produced in other countries. The proposition which we wish to make is solely that the big, intelligent vital work which has lifted photography into a new realm of action and at least out into the discussion of the arts, had birth in America. The idea of "modern photography" first appeared in America some twenty-five years ago, when Alfred Stieglitz and a few other workers got together to test their power over the camera. Seven years ago the work of these men and women crystallized in the Photo-Secession Club, which is now recognized as possibly the most active organization for modern photography in existence, although the Linked Ring of London and the Kleeblatt of Vienna are associations which are doing vigorous work for a more final development of the "art." But one feels in the work exclusively Continental that the attitude has been rather to prove how nearly like painting it was possible to make photography, whereas the purpose of the Photo-Secession Club and the American photographers has been rather to develop the "art" along its own lines, not to make of it near-painting or near-etching, but just simply photography with every possibility of development which could be discovered by the help of sunlight, lens and film. These modern American photographers are not working with the camera because they are poor painters or because they want to be painters, but because the thing they seek in life, the beauty they behold, they can best express through this particular medium; in fact, the medium to them seems the best possible means of expression they can find. No subject is too unusual, too subtle for their skill, no quality of atmosphere or temperament too elusive for them to seek to fix it permanently for the glory of photography. Wheresoever the painter, the sculptor, has strayed for inspiration, these fields they are invading. They seek to plumb the depth of the human soul, to penetrate deep into the psychological mysteries which Nature holds veiled from the mere intruder; day-dawn and twilight, sunlight and mist, a child's tenderness, a mother's yearning passion, the essence of that final last intangible relationship between sentient life and Nature, all these things they question and study and strive to express according to their individual interest and understanding.

INSTEAD of struggling to tear down the limitations established for them by the traditions of the older arts, they soon forgot that there were any limitations. As they worked they ceased to be conscious of anything that could hold the camera back from excursions out in the land of poets and philosophers. And the force back of all this American movement in photography was the awakened

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soul of a new nation seeking a new means of expression, and finding it along lines sympathetic to the nation's purpose and growth. To evolve a new art or a new expression through art, is that too stupendous a task for the people in process of evolving a new civilization,—more particularly when the medium of expression seems so utterly in harmony with the new kind of civilization?

What has been achieved in the evolution of this "art" was shown most convincingly at the recent photographic exhibition. The exhibit as a whole was black and white, although some very interesting color photography was shown, but with the exception of the lack of color in the bulk of the photographs, it would perplex one to say just what qualities photography lacks which we characterize as essential in the graphic arts. What is it, then, that we insist upon in painting and sculpture? What more than composition, technique, light, the vision of beauty in existing conditions and the expression of individuality through the medium used? For instance, we do not ask color of the sculptor, or form in the mass of the painter. Each art finds acceptance with its own limitations by the public. And in photography the characteristics we find, quite apart from the mechanical process, are composition, technique, in the most real sense of the word, light, in the most extraordinary and subtle variation according to the imagination of the photographer, the capture of a special beauty perhaps impossible to either painter or sculptor, and as wide a range of expression for personal individuality and national characteristic as the artist is great enough to set free. The photographers, men like Steichen, Stieglitz, White, women like Gertrude Käsebier, Alice Boughton, Annie Brigman, are each one taking part in the artists' universal search for beauty, to hold it captive in their own way, to separate it from the beauty all the rest of the world sees by expressing it through their own personality. An artist is great as his range of beauty vision is wide, and is greatest as his vision is without boundaries and his power of expression adequate to his apprehension of beauty.

But why specialize in art? Why should the painter of portraits ignore the vague gray beauty of evening mists, the portrayer of sunsets shut out the glow of soul to be found in the human face? Nature reveals the same beauty to all, musician, painter, poet, according to his capacity; she finds no class distinction in art. She fears no misrepresentation because her great gift of sunlight is permitted to help work the magic of rendering permanent some phase of her glory. For every man there is a final last perfection in Nature if he has the vision and the power. Nature has no reserves of her charm; she

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does not portion it out, one kind and degree for one group of workers and a limitation for the others.

AT THE International Exhibit of Photography it was the purpose not only to show what had been accomplished in every land, but also the relation of this accomplishment, the individual variation, yet the presentation of type. There was the complete history of the art pictorially shown, including the most interesting achievement of England, France, Germany, Austria and America. It gives one somewhat a sense of astonishment to realize how absolutely the national characteristics of a people are shown in the photography of that people, just as they are in the graphic arts, in music, in literature. It was possible at this exhibit to go from one section to another and without previous knowledge of the pictures to place them nationally. There was in the German photographs the same expression of the New Art that was manifest at the German Loan Exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum; in the French section there was the real love of the picturesque in landscape, the interesting management of *Plein Air* effects, and again the artificial gaiety and the false conception of what is essentially beautiful in face and figure. The Viennese photography, like the Viennese people, was rather confusingly cosmopolitan, extraordinarily clever, with the greatest perfection of detail and a distinct knowledge of the beauty of simple things, yet shown in the most formal fashion. England, although achieving the earliest distinctively significant photography, has progressed more slowly, more reticently, until within the last year or two, and in this later work the influence of American photography is distinctly shown. But throughout the exhibit there was the individuality of the photographer, the racial quality of the nation displayed, as inevitable as in facial expression or an accent. It had as little to do with the mere mechanical contrivance as though shown on canvas or in marble. Of the American work we have already spoken. Its qualities of enthusiasm, courage, perseverance, vivid imagination and the desire to make use of every scientific appliance for the furtherance of the expression of beauty are most characteristically American and most important in the development of photography both in this country and in others.

The most interesting early expression of what is called modern photography;—that is, the art suggesting imagination and individuality—is on record in England, the work of David O. Hill. Fortunately for the history of photography some negatives of Mr. Hill's made in eighteen hundred and forty-three have been preserved. Prints from these negatives were executed by Mr. Coburn and dis-

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played at this exhibition. The work possesses a most interesting human quality, showing a very definite appreciation of composition and a knowledge of the values of the right placing of light.

Another early English photographer whose work is of marked significance, yet without apparently in any way influencing the progress of the art, was Mrs. Julia Cameron, who lived and worked at the time of the Pre-Raphaelite artists, many of whom were her friends and the influence of whose work is most manifest in her prints. One also recognized some very interesting work by a more modern Englishman, Craig J. Annan. There was rare beauty in his photograph called "Lombardy Ploughing Team" and in the portrait, "Janet Burnett." This work was in a more modern style and suggested a knowledge of American achievement along these lines.

OF THE American work which really deserves mention in such an article as this there would be more than enough to fill all the pages. First of all, when have the lovers of photography seen anything that could compare to the exhibit by Eduard Steichen, —such flexibility and variation of method, such imagination, such spiritual insight into the last poetical beauty of Nature and such mastery of light and shade! Again, take the work of Clarence White. The handling of light which this artist shows in photography would be exceptional in the kind of painting which we most like to see. Mr. White's work is full of a delicacy of fancy, which of course, means poetry, or at least the equivalent insight. Alfred Stieglitz' photographs, especially of New York life, the "Snow Scene" and the "Railroad Yard," place his photography among the very best in the exhibition, and it is interesting to remember that some of his work, some of the most significant of it even, extends back as far as eighteen hundred and ninety-two, when such photography was rare in any country. While Mr. Stieglitz is in mind, it is only just to mention how widely he contributed to the success of this exhibition. He not only led up to the possibility of it by the series of exhibits at his own galleries, the Photo-Secession; but loaned, as I understand it, from his rare private collection, many of the pictures exhibited, so complete an exposition being impossible without his coöperation and interest in photography extending back for years. I understand also that the inception of the idea of this International Exhibit was J. Nilsen Laurvik's. In the final arrangement and hanging of the photographs he was assisted by Alfred Stieglitz, Alvin Langdon Coburn, George H. Seeley, Paul B. Haviland and Clarence White, having also the artistic aid of Frederick S. Lamb, chairman of the Art Committee of the National Arts Club.



By permission of the Photo-Secession.

"CADIZ": FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.



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LATEST PORTRAIT OF RUDYARD KIPLING, FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY SIDNEY CARTER.

WITHOUT

But to return to the photographs of American contributors, we wish especially to speak of the seven pictures shown by Gertrude Käsebier, revealing as they did her wide human range of interest and her extraordinary skill as an artist in photography. Among those shown the "Rodin," the "Heritage of Motherhood," and "The Red Man" have already appeared in *THE CRAFTSMAN* in an article about Mrs. Käsebier's work, published in April, nineteen hundred and seven. Perhaps it is also well to mention here that an illustrated article about Mr. White's work appeared in January, nineteen hundred and six, on Mr. Seeley's work in December, nineteen hundred and seven, and, unless I am mistaken, the first article published about Mrs. Brigman appeared in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for September, nineteen hundred and seven. The fact that articles on the work of these photographers have already been published and illustrated in *THE CRAFTSMAN* accounts in part for the reproduction of their work not appearing in the present article. It has been necessary for us to divide our few pages of illustration between five nations. The two pages which we could use for American reproduction it seemed best to give to the work of artists newer to the magazine. As a matter of fact, to do justice to all the work in the American section of this International Exhibit, it would be necessary to use every picture page in this issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. For we should like to publish another collection of Mrs. Brigman's work, "The Bubble," "The Echo," "The Source." From the collection of photographs of Alice Boughton it would be difficult to select. A better portrait of Maxim Gorky the writer has never seen. As for her photograph "The Seasons," it is of rare beauty in composition, texture and handling of light. Those who made a special study of the color work at this exhibition will have a fresh conception of the extraordinary beauty and interest possible in this branch of photography.

WITHOUT

A GAINST the twilight gate of death
Hope beats her pallid wings in vain;
The black night settles and the rain
Joins warnings with the wind's harsh breath.

WILLIAM NORTHROP MORSE.

HOW MEDIAEVAL CRAFTSMEN CREATED BEAUTY BY MEETING THE CONSTRUCTIVE PROBLEMS OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER

"Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral."

—Stevenson.



IT IS one thing to achieve beauty on a basis of logical construction; quite another thing to make a studied display of structural features as the aim and end of a beautiful design. The modern designer frequently assumes too large a measure of virtue in the emphasis of construction. Distinction is given to forms which may well be as unobtrusive as is the skeleton in the human figure; we know it is there; but it is only a necessary basis for the beauty that envelopes it. With the idea that there is a peculiar merit attached to constructive elements, ponderous hinges, sometimes useful, often useless, are fastened to the exteriors of doors; bolt heads and rivets are multiplied, frequently faked; a tenon with its key becomes a special hobby; huge cobblestone piers, designed to impress us with a sense of supported burdens sometimes fall from their own weight. It is true that the past teaches us that a sound *logical* construction was one of the bases of fine craftsmanship; but it was only one of the factors that contributed to the beauty of the whole.

There is, for example, no finer piece of constructive work, of joinery pure and simple, than the choir stalls of Amiens Cathedral. Yet it certainly is not of carpenter's work that we think first when we stand before those stalls. The technical questions involved in construction do not intrude upon our attention; they are subordinated to higher claims for beauty which the craftsmen sought to achieve. We know that during the many years given to the erection of the stalls the workers must have been intimately concerned with and keenly interested in the structural problems that arose; but it was all a means to an end, not an end sufficient in itself. A test of the beauty must be sought in the composition of the whole and the parts, and the interpretation which the craftsmen gave to the life and thought of their time. We are first interested in the unity of the whole scheme, in its lines, forms and proportions; we note how consistent it is with its environment, its pinnacles reaching upward with the piers that support the vaults so high above. We then pass to the details and find that they repeat the pointed arches and traceried windows, with greater enrichment, perhaps, as becomes a translation of those forms into wood. Then we note the subtle charm of the

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carving, the numerous figures, what they are doing and what message they are intended to convey, how clearly they reflect the life that moved about the church, in and out of its porches; we may know just what kind of people they were, their ideals and how they dressed. And *then*, if our interest is deep enough, we shall seek to know how it was done, by what consummate skill of craftsmanship the materials were shaped; each mark of the tool brings us close to the workers; we may find ourselves planning and building with them; their problems become our problems. If our imagination holds true the centuries are readily slipped aside and we may find ourselves back there in a litter of shavings, with the smell of freshly wrought wood in the air, in close communion with those same people who peer at us in quaint wooden imagery from the stalls today just as they were caught in the living form in the long ago.

THERE are three factors that combine to give unique character to Mediæval work. They may be briefly summarized as follows: First,—an intimate knowledge of tools, materials and constructive problems; a frank acceptance of all functional demands; second,—an intuitive feeling for good composition, proportions, the relation of lines and masses; third,—the personality of the worker, the fact that he had something to say that was worth while and which reflected so clearly the life and thought of the times in which he lived and worked. It is in the nice adjustment of these three factors that we find the best achievements. There are few buildings more noble than Notre Dame, of Paris, even though its builders left it incomplete, without its dominant spires. To follow the development of its construction, to trace its various elements back through a long line of earlier churches, to study the way in which materials were employed to the utmost advantage;—these questions, while they take us close to the workers, do not, of course, explain the beauty of the product. We must turn to the two other factors mentioned in our summary. The Mediæval craftsman was brought up on the job. To become a master he must first become a good workman, must uphold the traditions of his craft, the standards of his guild. Logical construction was in the line of least resistance. There was no other path open to the mastership than to begin at the bottom of a trade and work upward. It was the use that a man made of his technical skill that counted. A product will always rise to the level of the worker,—never higher. A man does not draw music from a violin; he puts music *into* it. The builders of Notre Dame did not create beauty from stone or from constructive elements; they put beauty into those things. That is to say, the beauty was within the men else

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it never would have appeared in their work. To create fine work is to give definite form to fine ideas.

The eminent French architect Gaudet has prepared in one of his volumes two plates that offer an instructive comparison. In one plate is a section from a Gothic cathedral with the flying buttress system devised by its builders; in the other the same cathedral with a buttress system planned in accordance with modern engineering practice, every thrust and counter thrust carefully plotted on paper with an eye to the economy of materials. One sees that if technical matters alone had furnished the clue for the builders they never would have brought into being such a church as Notre Dame or Amiens. They might have hastened by several centuries the engineering feats of today and made building a science rather than an art; but they never would have developed that architecture which we know as Gothic. It was Gothic thought that gave life to the work of their hands. The cathedral enclosed an idea. It was the expression of a thought that was close to the lives of the people. The form in which the thought was expressed may be traced back to the materials at hand, to the practical skill of the builders; their feeling for good composition led them to a beautiful adjustment of those forms; but it was the thought that furnished the motive power which made the thing go, which gave it life, force, character.

Leaving the construction entirely aside for the moment one may follow the beginnings, the height and the decadence of the cathedral builders from the composition point of view alone. Compare then such churches as the Abbaye aux Hommes of Caen, Notre Dame of Paris and Saint Maclou of Rouen. The very simplicity of the scheme in the first becomes more satisfying as one makes closer acquaintance with it. It presents a facade without enrichment except at the portals. Its big buttresses divide it into vertical space relations, held together by a few well placed windows. Everything is subordinated to the dominant uplift of the spires. The eye moves upward unconsciously through the rhythmic increase of measures; it is one of those churches on which the spires seem actually to reach upward. The massive simplicity of the facade serves as a refreshing contrast to the strong movements above.

In Notre Dame there is a more subtle relation of space and mass, of line and form, a greater refinement of all the parts. It strikes just the right balance between constructive logic and fine feeling. The scheme of the builders may be seen in Figure One. The relation of the different parts is more interesting than in the former church; the enrichment is built up with the design, and occurs at the points where it becomes most effective. Note the value of the horizontal band of

BEAUTY THROUGH RIGHT CONSTRUCTION

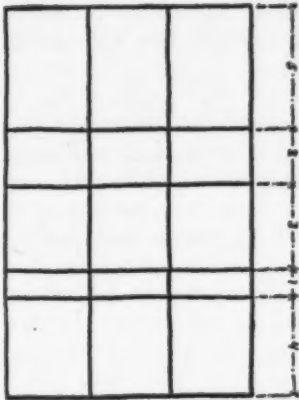


FIGURE ONE.

sculptured figures composed of vertical motifs, and compare this band with the one above. As a composition pure and simple, down to the last detail, it leaves no possible opportunity for a change from the scheme to which its builders worked. The structural basis afforded by the Abbaye aux Hommes has arrived at its finest possible expression.

Saint Maclou is not, of course, a church of the same order as these two. It is smaller, hence it seems quite proper that it should be richer in detail. It follows Notre Dame by two centuries and is quite as its builders left it, with the exception of a modern spire which replaces an old one of wood. It is plain that a turning point has been reached; that constructive skill has come to a climax. The builders hesitate at nothing; they are literally exultant with the victory which they have achieved over stone. They have spun a web of fancy over every portion of the church. It seems as if the challenge of the wood carvers and goldsmiths has been accepted; the building has the quality of a finely wrought piece of jewelry. The consummate technical skill of the craftsmen is coming to be a greater force than their feeling for big, simple proportions. The lavish enrichment is quite in keeping with the changing spirit of the time. The persistent thought which held the builders to their task at Notre Dame is waning. The deep current of that unquestioning faith, strong, emotional,

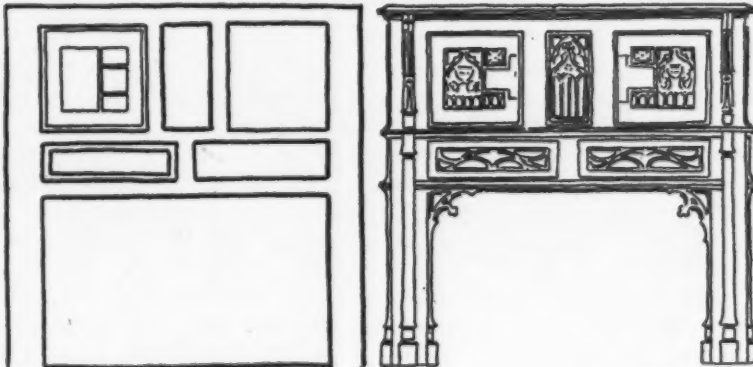


FIGURE TWO.

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which led men to subordinate themselves without regard for personal credit or material gain at Chartres, which carried the Crusaders across Europe to the Holy Land, is at an ebb.

THE credence in Figure Two bears somewhat the same relation to cabinet making that Notre Dame does to cathedral building. It possesses that subtle charm of composition which leaves one with a feeling that no line or form, space or mass can be changed without destroying the unity of the whole. It is music and poetry wrought into wood.

The same development of execution and composition found in the churches follows throughout the craftwork of the time. In the beginnings of each craft there is crudeness of execution, a putting together of simple lines and forms in a rude and simple way. But the result has potential strength; the purpose is there, the thought is there; the refinements of expression will come in due season. The finest periods of the various crafts do not, of course, coincide in point of time; each craft grew to its full strength as the demand which brought it into being increased. During the period of growth the beauty within the man seems always a little in advance of his technical ability to express it, an ideal just beyond reach. Then comes the fine period, just when the workers have succeeded in overcoming the many mechanical and technical difficulties that confront them, and finally the decline when the craftsmen become boastful of their prowess, when skilful technique becomes an end rather than a means. One may marvel at the technique of Benvenuto Cellini, yet turn with deeper satisfaction to the work of many unnamed craftsmen who lived long before his time.

Frequently on a piece of Gothic craftwork we may find such a naïve legend as "Peter made me." Peter from the raw material fashioned something after his own nature,—simple, honest. He gave to it such beauty as he could; it may be that it is rude and unpolished—like Peter. We are sure that we can do a more finished piece of work with our own tools. Yet there is about this piece of work some indefinable quality which has brought it home to a fitting resting place in a gallery among the masterpieces. It is that factor which remains after all else has been properly analyzed,—that which makes art worth while. For if you scratch the surface of this thing you will find,—not mere wood, or stone, or iron,—but Peter. He made "me;" he gave me personality, some of the soul stuff of one whose emotions were real, and who put himself into his work because he loved it and had something to say. It satisfies the heart, though the head may find fault with its execution and composition.

BEAUTY THROUGH RIGHT CONSTRUCTION

Mediæval sculpture is poseful; those who to express and they chose which everybody under could read or write. The least spared was done in art was a common lan in ratio to the number the number who respond a long refining process statue in Figure Three to portal of Amiens. But same, each statue suffi— a message from one The cathedral was the a "Bible in stone." The the exterior, glowed in the windows, was painted the choir stalls. The of all the people; they bols, even though we with difficulty. But even we feel the beauty of the comes from the heart alive with human interest,



FIGURE THREE.

vital because it was purwrought it had a thought that form of expression stood in an age when few world's art that can be places and at times when guage, its strength being who practiced art and ed to its appeal. It was from the rude, angular that other statue at the the message was the ent in its time and place, man to his fellow men. common man's Bible,— story looked forth from wonderful colors through at the altars, carved in story was in the hearts knew its forms and sym— sometimes follow them when we miss the story work, because that which will always be beautiful, a personal history.

That the sculpture should be an organic part of the architectural scheme of the church was natural when we consider all of the conditions under which it was produced. It was built up with the rest of the church, cut from the same material, by workmen who were "on the job," who were familiar with all the problems that arose and who were actively coöperating with their fellow workmen to a common end. It was constructive ornament cut into the form of a message.



A GREATER SINCERITY NECESSARY FOR THE TRUE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN ART: BY THE EDITOR



WHAT extent can society promote art? Not society with a capital, but associated human interest—that combination of civilized intelligence which is most likely to unite into groups for the furtherance of some universal or personal purpose. Nowadays, just as soon as there is popular achievement, there follows the impulse to combine to express approval or to enlarge opportunity. Sooner or later the question is bound to arise as to the advantage of this sort of association, as to the real help a society can be to the individual. As, for instance, take the question of art societies, to what extent does this coördination of interest work for the big advancement of art matters in America? Are we a more developed nation artistically because of our art societies and leagues? Are our significant men in art placed in a better relation to the world and to each other through these associations? Are our students made more capable, more diligent, better craftsmen, more sincere, more useful to a nation needing art? What valuable influence do our societies exert? Are they progressive, moving along lines in harmony with various other channels or national progress?

As a nation we undoubtedly need all the help we can find among ourselves in matters of art. We have been allowed to mature too rapidly, spending too little time in the nursery. We have grown up so swiftly, much of the time self-supporting, that we have had too little leisure for art development in the youthful days, when a nation is poetical, naïve, full of simple enthusiasm, unstiffened by many coatings of culture, flexible to impressions from within and without, susceptible to home influences, finding inspiration at the doorstep, living in traditions and singing songs which are legends. We were old before we began to sing or to tell tales in verse or to ornament our daily life because we were intimate with it, and found time for the enrichment of what was best and simple. In other words, America is a city-bred child, without the infancy that roams the woods, dwells with the birds and listens to old folk tale about old hearthstones. We were too busy when we were young, just learning to grow up; we were too anxious, too fretful, striving to manage, just a few of us, the biggest land in the world, to leave our minds at peace for inspiration and open to the influences for beauty that are forever at hand among the primitive people of right leisure.

We had a vast undertaking in taking away a huge country from the art-loving, right-thinking owners, the Indians, and we had this



From the 24th Annual Exhibition of the New York Architectural League.

"THE PROPHETS": DETAIL FROM "THE DIVINE
LAW"; A FRIEZE FOR THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT
COURT, CHICAGO: BY W. B. VAN INGEN.



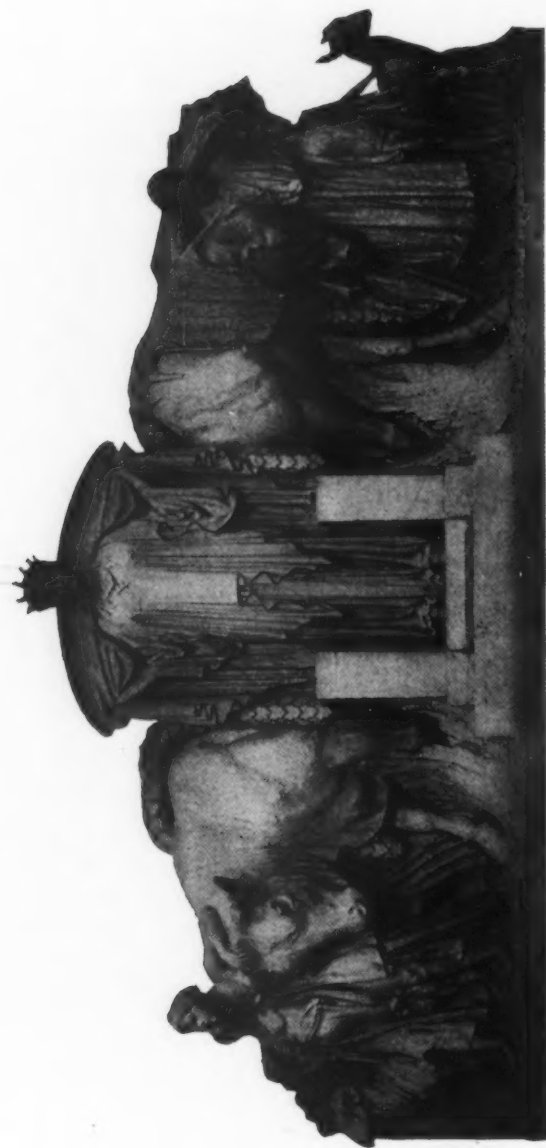
From the 29th Annual Exhibition of the New York Architectural League.

MUNICIPAL OFFICE BUILDING: (LOOKING OVER CITY HALL). DESIGNED BY MCKIM, MEAD AND WHITE: PRIZE WINNER IN THE CITY'S COMPETITION FOR A PUBLIC BUILDING.



From the 24th Annual Exhibition of the New York Architectural League.

MUNICIPAL OFFICE BUILDING: DESIGNED FOR THE
NEW YORK COMPETITION FOR A PUBLIC BUILDING
BY HOWELLS AND STOKES.



From the 24th Annual Exhibition of the New York Architectural League.

CENTRAL PANEL OF PEDIMENT FOR THE WISCONSIN STATE CAPITOL: DESIGNED BY KARL BITTER: GEORGE B. POST & SONS, ARCHITECTS.

A GREATER SINCERITY IN AMERICAN ART

same vast land to protect from others who arbitrarily and wrongfully desired to take it away from us. We were an isolated land and could not ask help from other nations. Other countries were willing to send us rulers, but not to help make it possible for us to rule ourselves. It was up to America in those early days, when most nations begin to establish an art, to give all its time and attention to "watching out," or else be eaten up by many kinds of kingly goblins. And so we grew to be a restless people, nervous, thin-voiced, self-conscious, fearful of criticism, and thus, imitative. Because the impulse to create had atrophied from the manner of our growth, we grew afraid of originality and we turned for art to nations who had grown up in a leisurely way through dozens of centuries, and whose art had found place in all phases of their development. Thus we built foreign houses, bought foreign paintings and sculpture, stole foreign ideas (as absurd for us as a foreign accent) and for years forgot the very purpose of art,—to express for a land the impulse of its own people toward beauty.

AND then we roused up a little, some of us a good deal. We said, "We want to do something original; we have grown tired of the Greeks, the French, the English in our art; we will be bold, eccentric, American." In the course of time we progressed beyond the confusion of originality with eccentricity and said, again, "We will hold to good foreign ideals and adapt them to American needs." This for the time seemed better to us than the crude American product. But think what it meant to adapt foreign ideals, which had grown up for centuries out of the desires of the over-civilized, over-cultivated people, to the needs of the practical, hard-working, strenuous American! Still, we did it; we adapted a temple originally designed for Greek worship to the uses of a bank, where the business of a practical nation was carried on. We adapted the palace of an Italian nobleman with Mediæval interests in hygiene and comfort to the home life of a democratic American family with modern standards of a wholesome rational existence. Yet through it all we still made some progress. And after carrying on our business in Greek temples and living our simple lives in Italian palaces, we moved a step further and began to form ourselves into societies and leagues, and we talked of the advancement of fine arts in America—and at that time we always used a capital F and A. At first, the idea of men and women workers banding themselves together into societies to aid each other in the development of art conditions in America seemed both laudatory and unselfish. "Surely," we said, "this opportunity for advice, criticism, comparison, coöperation

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must help us to succeed in elevating the standards of art in our own country." Theoretically the idea was excellent, and in the beginning no doubt much was accomplished by gathering together the work of various artists, to attract public attention, to enable the critic to form a better standard of comparison, to encourage the students and force responsibility upon the older members. All this and more may have been the result of the first banding together of enthusiastic, sincere workers in art. And while the enthusiasm which builds up an organization lasts there is life and valuable achievement; but once a society settles into a groove, with the older members devitalizing mentally as they do physically, the average association becomes little more than a tomb for past successes, and the younger generation must either battle or secede. Thus, one should not grow skeptical of the usefulness of an organized movement for art's sake, but one should forever bear in mind that the value of each society in turn is ephemeral, and that by the time an association becomes old and dignified and famous, its usefulness is usually past, except as it breeds a spirit in the younger generation of branching out into fresh organization and fresh achievement.

And this brings us in America to such large and successful societies as the National Academy and the Architectural League, both organizations of the highest artistic and social standing, admission to which is eagerly sought by the mass of the younger as well as the older men. And yet the outsider, who even if a layman nevertheless thinks about these matters, goes to these exhibits season after season, seeking anxiously for essentially good things from American artists, for an expression of our own understanding of beauty in art and architecture, for paintings and statues and homes and decorations which belong to democratic ideals and sincere ways of living and thinking. In the main one meets disappointment, finding instead of American ideals of simplicity and sincerity much of the former tendency to imitate, to readjust, to flirt with old-world, threadbare, devitalized ideals. We are surrounded with the concrete expression of almost every phase of European frivolity, rather than with the effort to set forth what we *are* in America by what we *do*.

It would seem that when a builder builds in this country, as a rule he faces Europe, turning his back squarely on the land he is to build upon and the people he is to house; that when the painter paints he often also seeks to ignore the spirit of his own land, his own temperament and the record his work is to make for his home country, and that instead he strives to secure the French point of view or an English mannerism or a Dutch method. It is not merely that he seeks the subjects for his art abroad, but that he seeks a foreign attitude of

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mind toward his art; it is not merely that he usually ignores the beauty of his own land, but that when he comes to it he brings an alien mind.

Yet it is not a separation of the arts of different lands that we crave, for well we know how intimately all the arts of all nations and times are allied, and what a continued story art history is from century to century. There are no breaks, only periods of lesser endeavor. But in recognizing the continuity of art history and the necessity of its complete understanding, the value of the chapter each nation contributes to the general history depends upon its individual honesty, its purpose to be a sincere record of its own times. To make the American chapter of art of significance in such a history we must forget to imitate well and learn to create honestly. Instead of adjusting the thoughts of others to our art expression, we should study to understand completely the fundamental principles of all art; adapting these principles to our own individual expression of beauty rather than to copy the ways in which the artists of other lands have adapted them to their personal expression.

AND thus when we found ourselves (in spite of some very great beauty to be seen at the Twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League) looking about from wall to wall, in the main dissatisfied, or at least with only occasional flashes of interest, we naturally questioned as to the reason why. What does the exhibit as a whole lack? Why are we more or less indifferent to the well presented work of some three hundred and ninety-one artists, many of them famous? What do we demand in the art expression of America which we do not find on these walls? What element which makes a nation great in art is wanting here? And the more we studied and questioned and thought about it, the more utterly we were convinced that the great lack at this exhibit, as well as at many others in architecture and in painting, was *significant originality*. The genuine creative spirit seemed to have gone to seed. And reduced to the final analysis, what is this significant creative quality in art beyond sincerity, thinking honestly and expressing the thought you have about the vital conditions which surround you in the most individual way which the technique of your art will permit? In still simpler language, it is just being honest with yourself, with your country, with your art. It is not a question of whether one thinks as a poet or as a realist; it is only essential that the way should be inevitable to yourself. Absolute honesty in art means that you are using every quality which you possess to the utmost advantage,—mind, brain, emotions,—that you are relating all of these

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things to the life which you wish to express, that you say only what you think, whether it is greater or smaller than other people's thought, and that you say it exclusively in your own way.

How much of this sort of truth telling was there at the recent exhibition at the Architectural League? Some, of course. In the mural decorations, "The Divine Law," by W. B. Van Ingen; in the pediment by Karl Bitter, in the New York municipal building designed by Howells & Stokes, scattered about in the domestic architecture of such men as Grosvenor Atterbury, Hunt & Grey, Wilson Eyre, Stephenson & Wheeler, Albro & Lindeberg, Squires & Wynkoop, Price & King, Reed & Stem, Donn Barber, Cass Gilbert (whose stations for the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway are a rare expression of architectural achievement for their own land), in the work of such a sculptor as Janet Scudder, and in the craftsmanship of such a man as Albert Herter. Here indeed was the spirit of true art to be found, but perhaps you may have noticed that it was not taking prizes or winning spectacular approval or in any way dominating the exhibition. As a whole, the work was purely imitative. It was born in Greece, or in that ante-chamber to Greece, the Beaux Arts of Paris. It lacked significance, purpose, individuality and any sort of relation to American conditions, and because lacking these essentials it was devoid of honesty, however beautiful or apparently successful. Such an exhibition as a whole means nothing to us in the progress of our art, nothing in the development of our artists, nothing, less than nothing, in establishing a standard for the students who are to build and decorate for us in the years to come. It would have been better, infinitely more significant, if half the wall space could have been given up to the more practical building industries, where art plays a part and sincerity is essential.

WHAT if we could have one room reserved for exhibits in wood finishes, with all our beautiful inexpensive American woods in the various interesting simple finishes of which they are susceptible; finishes which seem to reveal the utmost rich beauty of wood that has been practically ignored up to the present time? Or what about a collection of the many American leathers, stained and treated for the utmost quality of beauty and durability; or a display of wood carving showing in what interesting ways modern wood carving could be related to American houses and interior decoration? Why not have allowed space with good lights for American stained glass exhibits? It is well known that the modern American stained glass is the most interesting and significant of all the work of this description of the present century. Why is it a more commercial

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proposition than the window in which the glass is placed? Or we might have had a corner given up to metal work or pottery or rugs,—all adapted to the American homes and ways of living. What a help such exhibits would be to the house builders, and what more appropriate than that the best we are doing in architecture and house adornment should find place together in our exhibition rooms?

"Commercializing art societies," you say. Not one bit more than we have already commercialized them, and this without any idea of relating use to beauty. A well designed copper electric fitting, a rug of Indian pattern in rich hues, a fireplace in American tiles, humorous and decorative, pottery out of our own clay and related to our own woods and color schemes, why are these essentially beautiful and American products any more commercial than designs for houses or railways or stations or churches? Who has taken upon himself to decide that a front porch is art and a well designed rug commercial, that a doorway springs from imagination and a metal fireplace is a vulgar expression of industrialism? As a matter of fact, we have become utterly confused in our feeling that there is need for an arbitrary division of the arts, and our scorn for the word industrial is just the vulgarity of a nervous, new nation who, we feel confident, will grow in her capacity to honor work as she grows in wisdom and strength and courage.

Really, what we need overwhelmingly here in America is to do away with all this fussing about the place of art and the position of our societies, and work fearlessly in whatever line we can best make good to our country; studying the needs of our people, expressing the life of the people, and expressing it well because we know it well. Let us be original because we dare to be natural, and natural because we have learned to be sincere. For, as we have already said, sincerity is what American art has most lacked, and fortunately for us as a country we are at last waking up to the fact that we cannot build up for ourselves an art that does not rest on an honest foundation. We have got to learn to believe in ourselves and express what we believe in order to paint or build or model a lasting art in America. Some of our workers have already found this out, and those are the people whose work we stop to look at as we stroll indifferently past the walls of our leagues and societies, those are the men who have a spiritual patriotism, who know their own land, who achieve for it and through it, and it is such men as these who will give us our permanent architecture, the right decoration for public buildings, who will paint and model an art that will outlive the conditions they represent. And best of all, they will win for us as a nation respect and honor for our achievement.

CARVING AS AN EXPRESSION OF INDIVIDUALITY: ITS PURPOSE IN ARCHITECTURE: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER



CARVING? The word at once turns one back into history much as the odor of sandalwood carries with it the dreamland memories of the Orient. For the carver in wood, like the goldsmith, the locksmith and the lead glazer, has long since passed from the ken of human affairs, leaving only his handiwork as an attest to the sense of beauty that was within his heart. To be sure, there are many people busily engaged in carving wood at the present hour and moment, enthusiastic amateurs who find a justifiable pleasure in shaping forms with mallet and chisel; inventive persons who seek to accomplish with machinery a product sufficiently cheap that the poorest among us may have it spread over the surface of his furniture, if he so desires; in far away Florence and Venice are workers so skilled that they can, literally, carve the old, old forms with their eyes shut and their minds in smug repose; away up in the highlands of the Tyrol are others diligently plying their tools that the tourist may not depart empty-handed. The chips still fly; but carving,—let us specify the case exactly,—carving as a logical enrichment of construction, as the final touch that gives life, character, style to one's work, that reflects, as any art should, something of the personality of the worker, and the environment in which his work is produced, is well-nigh a lost art. Our amateurs bravely essay chip carving, Norse carving, Mediæval carving; but when we seek in modern work a piece of carving that is organic, expressive of thoughtful and skilled workmanship we find only a broken reed from which the music has departed.

A moment, though! Here comes a note, somewhat plaintive, perhaps, but clear and unmistakable. It is a note from a master craftsman. Of course, there are more important productions in the world of art; but in the simple implement in Figure One an Indian of the Northwest coast of America, by following in his own instinctive fashion the impulse for beauty of some sort, has wrought in primitive form a valuable lesson in fundamentals. The simpler the lesson, the clearer the sermon. It is merely a tool for scraping hides;—this may stand for the *idea*, a real need, something serviceable. With the need established, utility at once defined the general form and the constructive elements,—handle of wood, blade of iron, the two bound together with rawhide thongs smeared with pitch. Now the artistic feeling with which Nature saw fit to endow this Indian was of the kind that finds expression in daily life and work; moreover, a man

THE PURPOSE OF CARVING IN BUILDING

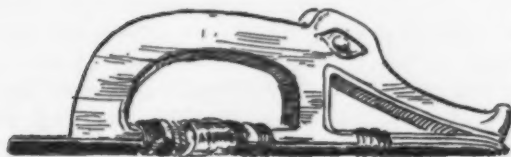


FIGURE ONE

who is making a tool for his own use,—or a chair, or a house, for that matter,—may be depended upon not to ignore the practical phases of his problem. Common sense served to point the way at

first; but then, as the idea began to take definite shape in the mind of the worker, there entered the play impulse, the surplus energy that counts for beauty whether in a scraper or a Gothic cathedral, the impulse that is not content with adequate service alone. A few thoughtful touches of the knife, and an otherwise serviceable tool becomes an object of extreme interest, insistent in its personality,—call it beautiful or not according to the reader's taste. Being a hunter, this Indian's thought naturally evolved a beast-like motif; being a practical man the form of the creature was logically governed by the function which it had to perform as a handle, each part, body, legs and the long snout running out for a strengthening brace, fulfilling its purpose; and if you were to take the scraper in hand your thumb would inevitably drop into a little hollow made for it between the ears. A far less skilful designer might have carved a far more realistic beast, and yet gone a long way astray from the very things that distinguish this little tool as the work of a master craftsman. The more one studies it, the more satisfying it becomes from every point of view. When we turn to more important products we find, after all, that it is only in degree, not in kind, that they differ from the work of our Indian carver.

The pith of the sermon, then, is to be found in the intimate relation of all the steps of the problem leading from the idea, through practical development to organic ornament expressing something of the personality of the worker. The tail-piece takes us to another primitive worker on the other side of the globe, in Java. Apply for yourself the same reasoning as in the first example. Follow the process from

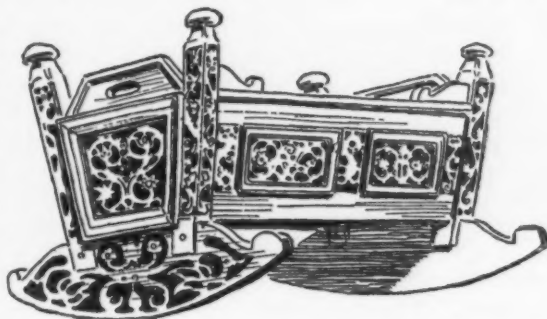


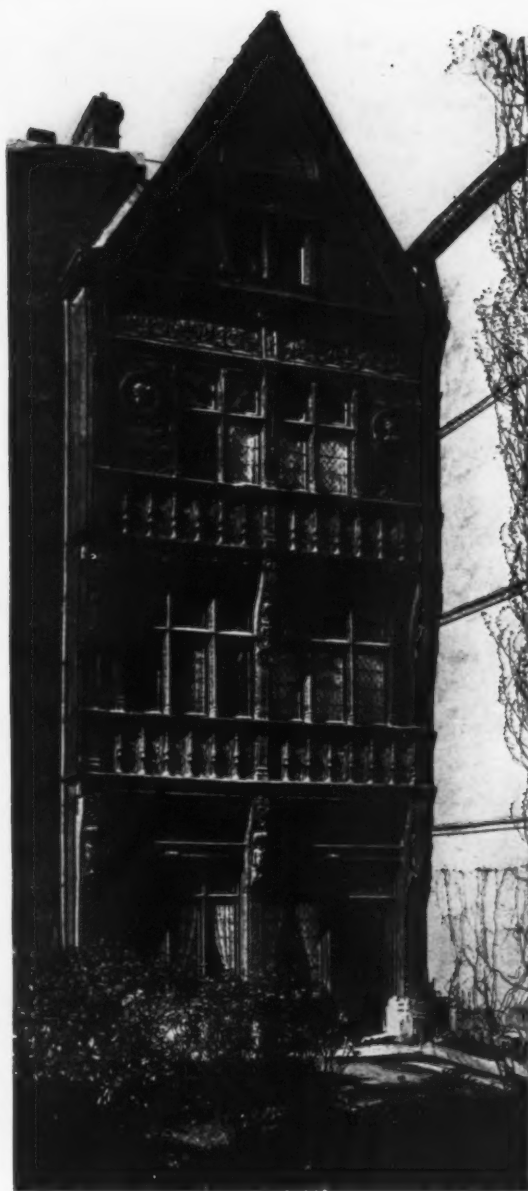
FIGURE TWO

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the idea to its final expression. Here again mere adequacy is not enough; yet it may be seen that in seeking the curve of greatest efficiency for the handle the end of beauty has likewise been attained. The carving appears just where one would naturally expect to find it. The ladle was not fashioned as an excuse for the practice of carving. The ornament was of spontaneous growth; it came at the proper time and place, just as the leaves push forth in the spring to clothe the bare trees with beauty; the leaves were there in the Master mind, even when the tree branches were clean cut against the winter sky,—and they came in due season.

Figure Two carries us back a century or more to the humble Alpine home of a Swiss peasant. Here again was a need, a real crying need, if one may so put it. The peasant worker was guided along precisely the same pathway that was pursued by the primitive craftsmen. The cradle was doubtless wrought in the kitchen at the day's end of work. Color adds much to the beauty, touches of dull brown and blue, a gorgeous time-toned red such as came out of Persia with the old rugs,—all mingled with the golden hue of the pine. From a rude peasant, too! A fitting reminder that art and education do not always go hand in hand. A little sense of beauty in the heart expresses itself in ways that any amount of information about beauty in the head fails to achieve. The carving itself is crude enough, though our rough sketch does not do it justice; it was evidently done with clumsy tools and thought out in the wood as the worker progressed. It illustrates the maxim that the effect of the ensemble is more important than any of its details; or to put it another way, no amount of skilfully carved detail will make beautiful that which does not already ring true. Clumsiness with sincerity of purpose is much to be preferred to fine skill with no purpose.

Now let us leave our Indian, scraping hides with all the enjoyment that a satisfied impulse for beauty may bring to him, likewise his primitive brother in Java, and the more or less primitive peasant, for things of greater importance. With these people designing is something of an instinctive process, an unconscious and unaffected response to the appeal that is as old as the human race. With us designing,—or carving, which is only designing in terms of wood,—is an intellectual process; self-conscious and self-critical at all times, hedged about with traditions and precedents. A desire for carving—or to learn how to carve, comes upon us. We do not begin with a real need which may lead us to carving as a means of completion, just as surely as the Great North Road leads the traveler to London. "Let us carve," the amateur says; and straightway looks about to find an excuse for carving. It may be a panel to be built

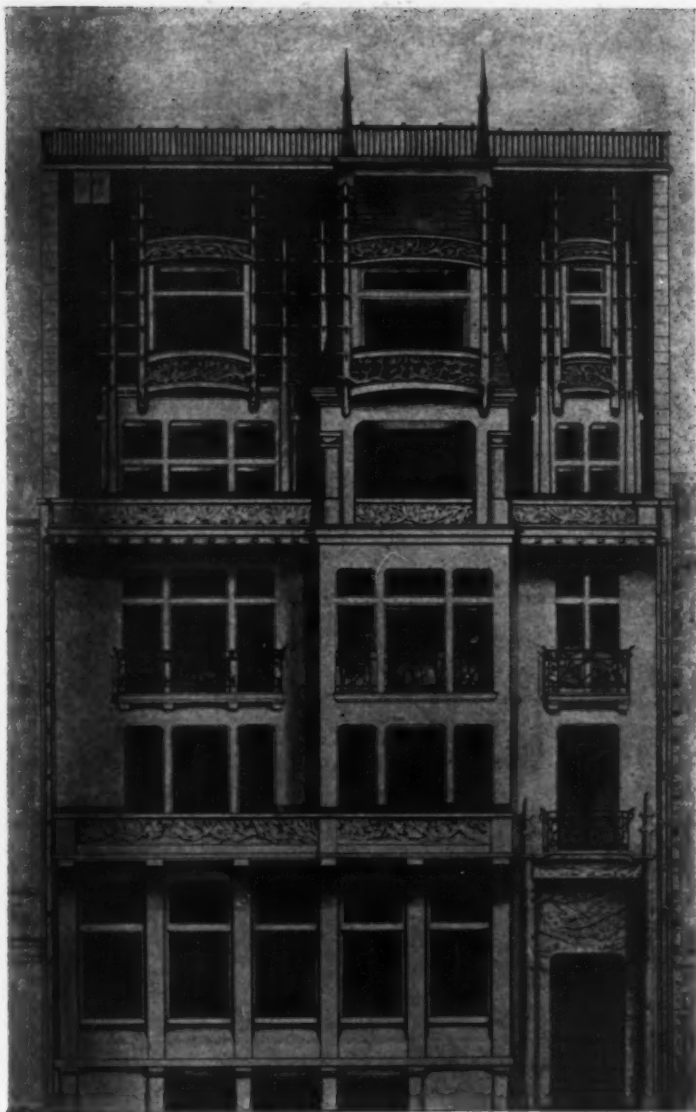


THE HOUSE OF DIANA OF POITIERS, IN ROUEN: AN
EXAMPLE OF RENAISSANCE CARVING WHICH IS
ADMIRABLY RELATED TO ARCHITECTURE.

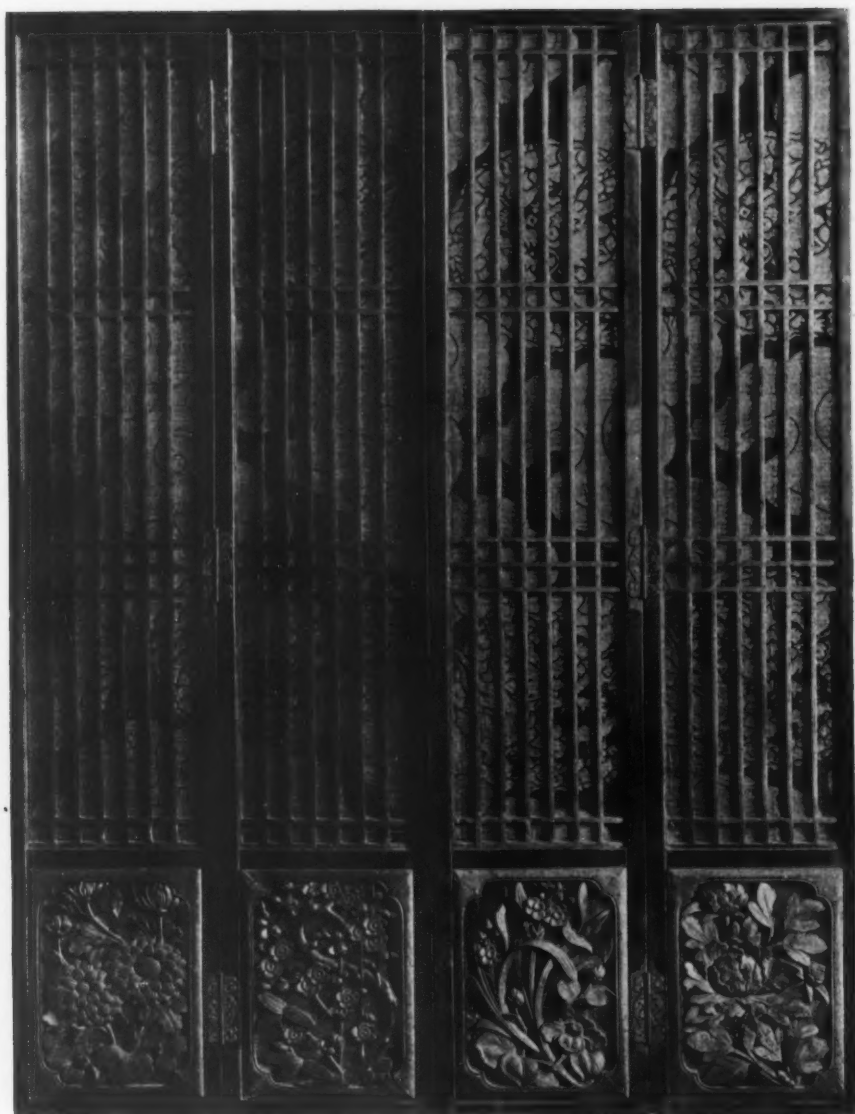


AN EXAMPLE OF MEDIEVAL CARVING WHICH WAS
UNDOUBTEDLY THE WORKMANSHIP OF A SIMPLE
CARPENTER OF THOSE DAYS.

AN OLD CHEST, SHOWING A MOST INTERESTING
CONTRAST OF GOTHIC STRUCTURE AND RENAISSANCE
ORNAMENT.



THE WORKSHOPS AND HOUSE OF M. RENÉ LA-
LIQUE, PARIS: SHOWING THE PINE CONE MOTIF
OF THE CARVING ABSOLUTELY INCORPORATED IN
THE ARCHITECTURE.



"IN JAPAN THERE IS A KIND OF CARVING IN WHICH ALL THE MUSIC AND POETRY OF NATURE FIND EXPRESSION."

THE PURPOSE OF CARVING IN BUILDING

into a piece of furniture by some worthy carpenter who is supposed to have knowledge of how furniture is built. The lumber for the panel comes from the mill, properly trimmed and smoothed ready for work. For a design we cast about to see what others have done in the past that may be suitably adapted to our purpose. Perchance we try a hand at a Norse chair. Fancy a Norse chair in a room with a Brussels carpet and a Grand Rapids chiffonier!

LET us not expect the modern carver to evolve at once from his, or her, inner consciousness a constructive design appropriately enriched with carving. The past should be studied, thoughtfully and sympathetically,—but as a means to an end, not as an end in itself. That which gives character to the work of the past followed upon long years of practice in the crafts of the wood workers. Let us study their things to learn the lesson of how, where and why carving was used. Let us copy the past that we may learn how to carve, how tools were used to the best advantage, how the quality and grain of the wood influences the lines and forms of the design. The painter works from the old masters to find out through practice how they worked, to get into close touch with painter minds superior to his own. But if he continues to imitate, adapt, rearrange old masters for the rest of his life we shall think him a very dull painter indeed. No! He works from the masters that he may gain strength and assurance to speak out some day for himself and give expression to emotions of his own, or interpret for us the life and environment about him.

There is an undeniable call for enrichment of some sort for the simple lines and forms which have been developing in architecture and furniture during the past few years. We have learned the value of good materials, honest workmanship, fine texture and finish. But let us not forget that these things came as a reaction against thoughtless design and borrowed ornament. Let us appreciate fully that material itself, whether wood or iron, brick or stone, is inherently beautiful when thoughtfully employed; that a feeling for refinement of lines, forms, proportions, must precede any attempt at enrichment. With all this at heart let us then hasten slowly;—see if we cannot learn to think in terms of wood construction, if it be carving that we wish;—if there may not be in the form itself a clue to the position and character of the carving, and in our own thought or in the boundless world of Nature about us another clue that may shape itself under our hands into appropriate enrichment.

But the important things, for which we left our primitive workers, have been quite forgotten. Let us hark back to Mediæval workshops, just such shops as one may find today, left over in the byways

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of small, old-world towns. The men who worked there were carpenters first, and turned carvers when the occasion arose. This was not unusual, in fact, it was quite the method; the play of one mind brought unity to the result. And so again we find something logical, consistent throughout. The carving seems to drop in, like a welcome friend, to add the final touch to our enjoyment. The Mediæval carvers found suggestions from many sources about them,—from constructive forms as indicated in the March CRAFTSMAN; quite a legitimate course when we consider the close coöperation and remarkable versatility of the workmen of the time; from nature, always treated in a wood-like way; from chivalry and its varied heraldic devices, then full of meaning, but now of no significance; from the rich symbolism of their faith. Many of their carvings served the same function as their sculpture, a story to tell or a moral to point; but wrought with true decorative feeling, flat masses in simple planes without perspective, the figures dressed in familiar costumes as in the choir stalls at Amiens and St. Denis. Through it all runs a little golden thread of humor, quaint and whimsical, always lovable. And why not? To carve in wood is a joy to the man who has any ideas worth carving. Why should not the pleasure of the worker bubble over into his work? Why should he put on goggles and look solemn when he is having such a good time?

LATER on, in the Renaissance, what might be termed picture carving was developed into remarkable productions of skill, such as the story of the crucifixion told within a form no larger than a walnut. In our illustration of a chest we come to that fascinating type of work made during the transition period,—the panels retaining much of the Gothic feeling, yet the whole frankly within the limits of the Renaissance. More lavish enrichment is the keynote here; and we begin to have a feeling that one man carved the panels and another man built a chest for them; in other words, the carving did not grow up with the construction of the chest,—rather, the chest was an excuse for a fine bit of carving. We might mislay some of the ornament and never miss it, or shift it about into changed positions, for it is no longer organic, a living growth. If one remembers the choir stalls from Perugia, there is the better spirit of the Renaissance. These workers were sensitive to every subtle refinement of the lines and forms that they made and practiced with a tool craft that knew the grain and twist of the wood by heart.

Not only in furniture did carving find a place, but in the larger forms of architectural construction as well. Wander down that narrow side street in Lisieux where stands the House of the Salamander,

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battered and time-worn though it is, and note how the carved forms took shape in the workers' minds from the huge oak beams of the timber construction. There were many extensive forests of oak in the country about and timber as a building material was readily secured. Now a sound stick of oak to a man with a chisel in his hand and a reasonable amount of leisure time is like pie to a hungry man,—he cannot resist the temptation to cut into it. Thus it came about that from the timbered construction of the time there opened another pathway into the use of carving as organic enrichment, leading in time to such ornate house fronts as that of the Maison of Diane de Poitiers in Rouen.

And so we might carry the story through many pages of history. We find that carving followed upon the heels of sound construction and that it invariably tells us of the time and place in which it was produced. Away in the Northland is one type of work, big, simple and flat, redolent of the salt winds, whispering sagas and folk-lore. In India is another type of work, an intricate maze of foliage and jungle creatures, wrought with the infinite patience that reckons not the lapse of time. And still again in Japan another kind of carving in which all the music and poetry of Nature find expression.

But whichever way we turn we find the same lessons awaiting us at the end:—First,—carving should be vital, an organic development from construction; it is only part of a design, conceived as part of a whole. The use, form, function of the object, or of its parts, should furnish the clue to the position and influence the character of the carving. Second,—carving should be intimate, thought out by one who knows the carver's tools, who can think in terms of wood, who knows how to carve, who knows every twist and turn of the wood grain. Third,—carving should be personal, not a mere scrap of borrowed finery. By personal is not necessarily meant individual. It is personality that makes Greek, Greek, or Gothic, Gothic. We search the world over, look everywhere but within ourselves to find some thought to render with our tools, everywhere but to the abundant life about us to find some motif or suggestion.



CONVERTING BACKYARDS INTO GARDENS: THE HAPPINESS AND ECONOMY FOUND IN CULTIVATING FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON



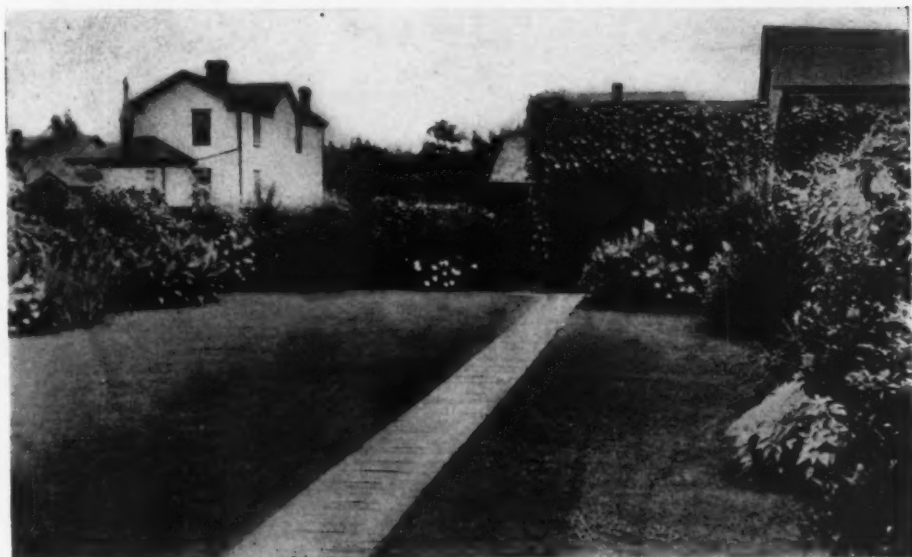
BACKYARDS and beauty have not usually been considered synonymous terms. There is really no reason why they should not be, however, for the backyard offers opportunities equal to those of a front garden for attractive planting which will express the personality of the owner. The backyard naturally must be developed in a practical way, for its uses are so distinctly utilitarian, but happily in gardening the beautiful and the useful may harmonize. The spring sunshine is apt to remind the householder that the time has come to clear up and beautify his house and lot, especially the backyard, whose unsightly condition after the neglect of winter calls aloud for attention. As Kipling tells the little boy in the "Just So" song;

"The cure for this ill
Is not to sit still
And frowst with a book by the fire;
But to get a large hoe
And a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire."

Before undertaking a task so arduous, it is well first to be sure that the "large hoe and shovel also" will give the best results. If the backyard is in the condition which the builders of a new house have left it, it is probable that nothing short of a plow will break up the ground to a sufficient depth for fertilization, which it will certainly need.

When this is done and the soil pulverized, the next step is to lay out the necessary paths, always remembering that the successful path is the shortest distance between two points, especially bearing in mind the butcher boy and ash man, who will soon mark out such paths for themselves. Among the workmen's debris which still litters the yard there may be some red bricks out of which a herring-bone brick walk could be made, the prettiest walk in the world for a garden, especially if it has a border of box or close clipped privet along either side. Some enterprising young women who had determined to have an old-fashioned formal garden which was to cost nothing laid out such a herring-bone walk with their own hands. Cinders, good cinders, are also valuable for garden paths.

Grass is unfortunately almost the greatest of luxuries, much more



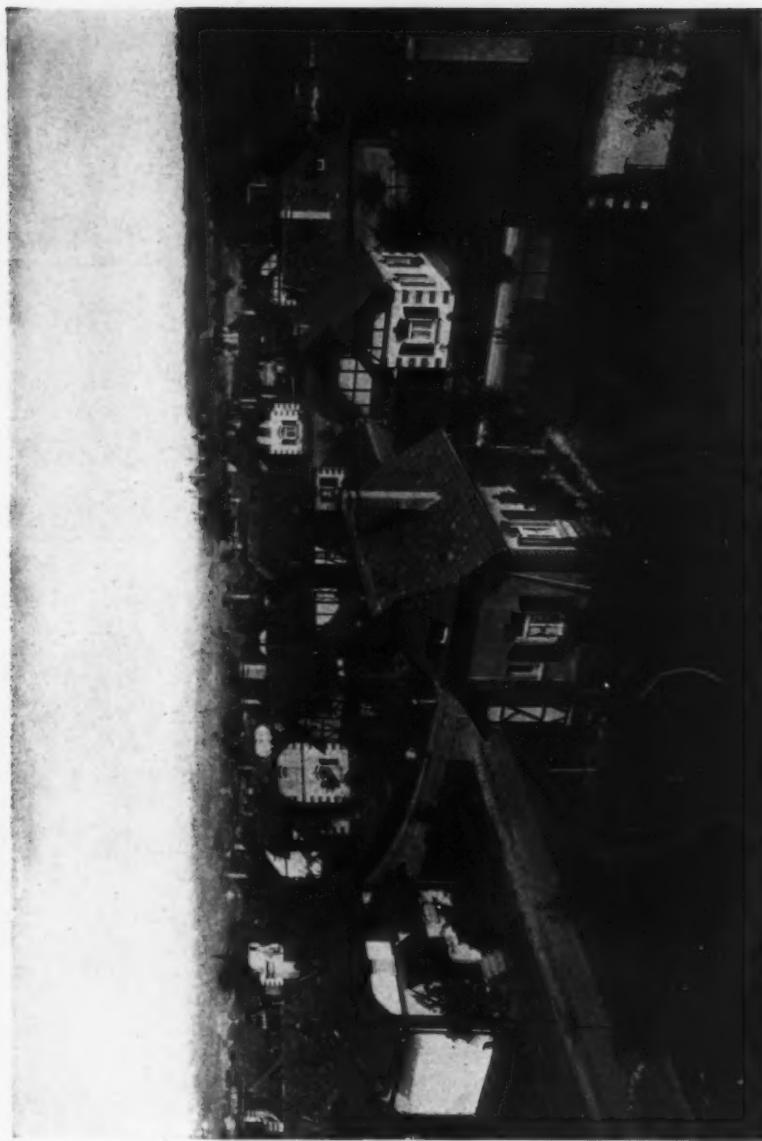
Courtesy of the American Institute of Social Service.

WHAT VINES CAN DO FOR A SIMPLE BACKYARD:
 PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RESULT OF PRIZE VINE
 GROWING CONTEST INAUGURATED BY THE CLEVELAND
 CLIFFS IRON CO.

SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF GOOD LAWNS AND VINE
 DRAPED WALLS IN A COMMON GARDEN.



SOME FACTORY DWELLINGS WHERE NO EFFORT HAS BEEN MADE TO BEAUTIFY STREET, PATHS OR PORCHES.



VIEW OF A GERMAN MANUFACTURING VILLAGE
WHERE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EFFORTS HAVE MADE
THE SURROUNDINGS ATTRACTIVE.



Courtesy of the American Institute of Social Service.

SHOWING THE USE OF MORNING GLORIES TO MAKE
ATTRACTIVE A HUMBLE BACKYARD.

BACKYARD OF A BUSY WORKMAN, RENDERED
EFFECTIVE BY LABOR AND THE RIGHT USE OF A
VERY LITTLE MONEY.

CONVERTING BACKYARDS INTO GARDENS

so than people usually think, for grass seed is expensive and the preparation of the ground for its reception is more difficult than for vegetable or flower seeds.

A brand new garden ought first to have an ideal, and then a workable design, and as much as possible it should also be a place for pleasant remembrances, reminders of other spots from which plants and seeds have been collected, and an inheritor of the good things from the gardens of one's friends. Every true garden lover will rejoice to share her bulbs, excess of seeds and roots with others. A lady who is now raising fruit from seeds out of the Pope's Vatican garden has a doubled pleasure in watching them develop. Bits of ivy collected from the palace of Caligula and from Tintern Abbey are now growing quite contentedly over American homes. Seeds may be sent by mail or carried by friends in order to make the new garden rich with pleasant associations.

As one man's meat is another man's poison so the despised weeds of one spot would be accounted choice plants somewhere else. One of the Hawaiian diplomats carried American dandelions to Honolulu because he admired them so much. With all the wonderful profusion of bloom in the Hawaiian Islands there were no dandelions.

A FLOWER garden need cost almost nothing, for if there is no one else to contribute to the new garden, Nature will offer all her treasure of wood and roadside; a wild flower garden has great possibilities and the forest has young trees enough, and to spare, to give to all who ask. A clump of white birches or a young beech is worth a visit to the wood-lot. In the meanwhile something which will grow in a hurry is desirable to take away the painful newness of the backyard. First the garden should be planned with space enough allowed for clothes lines, and whatever greensward is desired; garden work must then begin in February or early March when sweet peas should be planted. Ten cents' worth of sweet peas will make a double row the length of a fifty-foot garden, and will answer for a division fence unless there is a fence already built, which they could cover. If the exposure is not very good, a straight line of cannas may be used effectively, for cannas are among the serviceable things which will grow almost anywhere, and can often be had for the asking from some neighbor who is probably groaning with more than she knows what to do with. Golden glow and chrysanthemums have the same tendency to overrun all creation and are usually an embarrassment of riches to their possessors.

The vegetable garden, if it is only as big as a pocket handkerchief, will furnish half a dozen kinds of vegetables for a quarter of a dollar

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and some hard work. A parsley bed once started will last indefinitely if covered in the winter; as parsley germinates so slowly, lettuce seed may be sown with it, and the lettuce will grow and be eaten before the parsley needs the space. Parsley, lettuce, bush beans, radishes, Swiss chard, beets and onions would grow in a place twenty-five feet by twelve, and for another quarter of a dollar and an equal amount of space, one could raise as many flowers, taking care to plant those which will not all bloom at the same season.

In the shady spots lilies of the valley will grow, spread and bloom year after year. If they are not possible, another little journey to the woods will provide a perennial garden of slender fern fronds which will last forever. Another fine asset for the shady spot—the most perplexing problem for the amateur gardener—is calladium or “elephant’s ears;” they are not very cheap, costing as much as fifteen cents a bulb sometimes, but half a dozen bulbs will make a stately group in some dreary corner where even the optimistic nasturtium would give up the fight for life.

Never forget the best friend of the forlorn garden plot and the impecunious pocketbook—nasturtiums. One can have them in profusion for ten cents and in riotous masses for twenty-five cents, climbing ones to cover the unsightly places, and little bush ones for the empty flower beds. They are sturdy, independent flowers, too, and will just about take care of themselves. A real city backyard garden I knew grew a profusion of roses, practically defying all gardening laws, for the sun was on one side of the yard only until ten in the morning and on the other after three in the afternoon, yet there were roses enough to deck the house in masses for a June wedding. Just why they grow so wonderfully well under no better conditions, no one knows except that there seems to be an understanding between plants and some plant lovers which has not yet been quite explained.

YOU may prove to a busy brain worker that making garden is as good for brain fag as a course at Muldoon’s, but when once you have persuaded him to begin, it will be from no hope of advantage but from sheer love of the good brown earth that he will keep at it; for the pull of the soil, inherited from many generations, is in most of us and gardening is an appetite which grows by what it feeds on.

A garden spot in the city’s grimness has a real dollars and cents value, too, for scarcely any mundane toiler who must live where transit facilities and his inelastic pocketbook permit him but will thankfully rush to pay his rent where there is a breathing spot of greenery.

In London there is a depressing row of uniform, jail-like houses,

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noticeably gloomy even for Bloomsbury. Nevertheless they are always well-rented because, behind the houses, the Duke of Bedford, who owns the neighborhood, has reserved a strip of land the length of the block which he keeps laid out and planted with annuals and hardy perennials.

One impassioned gardener with an unsightly yard in a crowded street of a large town laid out a garden forty feet square. Around the sides she had a border two feet wide of lettuce and radishes. Down either side she had an oblong bed of onions, beans and beets, and in the center a flower garden with zinnias, asters, poppies, balsam, phlox, bachelor's buttons, marigolds and nasturtiums. As it was surrounded by an ugly fence, corn was planted around the sides for a screen. All of the seeds for this garden cost sixteen cents, and the simple directions for its care were to fertilize the soil, water well morning and evening and weed all the time.

One garden plot in the center of a small city is worth considering, because of its practical arrangement. It is only fifty-five feet wide. The actual garden space in the rear amounts to about fifty feet square and in this space there is room for currants, raspberries, strawberries, rhubarb and asparagus, which are perennial and after being once planted will continue to yield with care and fertilizing without increased expense for many years. Twenty-five feet square is left for annual vegetables, which can be planted each year at a cost of two or three dollars, supposing one were to buy tomato, egg and pepper plants already started; if seeds are used, of course, the cost will be less. By carefully using all vacant spaces and planting lettuce, parsley and carrots, which are feathery and effective for that purpose, for borders, as many as ten or twelve kinds of vegetables can be placed in this small space. Beans, eggplants, peppers, onions, spinach, peas, beets, lettuce, parsley, radishes, carrots and Swiss chard are easy, quick growers. Tomatoes, pole beans and corn would be equally practical, but would exclude other vegetables. Many people do not know that beets can be cut down and used for greens with advantage to the beet root and to the consumer, and that Swiss chard is thoroughly successful in small gardens because it will grow again after it is cut; thus it can take the place of spinach for the hot months when spinach will do nothing. Currant bushes which can be kept well trimmed make a good dividing hedge and a profitable one, as well. One gardening enterprise which proves how profitably space can be utilized yielded enough currants to make sixty glasses of jelly, with fresh fruit to spare and share with the neighbors, and all from twelve well cared for bushes. Raspberries which are too trailing for a hedge are most effective as a covering

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for an unsightly fence. An effective use of simple pergolas and trellises will beautify a small place and afford support and help in screening off little out-of-door nooks for the hammock or the tea table. In the fifty-five-foot lot plan, of which we have spoken, a grape trellis supports sixteen grape vines. In another corner some grapes which had proved unsuccessful for eating yielded last year one hundred glasses of grape jelly and that with almost no culture. In this same garden plot there were six fruit trees, beds of roses and lilies, with space for annuals. A sundial was made by one of the family, the encasing box being wood filled with concrete.

Probably there is no more ideally lovely vine in the world than the grape, and a little pruning and care will make it a dense and beautiful shelter from the sun and from the street's publicity, while of all the odors in Nature's pharmacy there is none so elusively sweet as that of young grape shoots in early summer. While the grapes are getting their start, their trellises may be covered for the first summer with madeira or gourd vines, taking care not to plant them too thickly lest you smother the young grape vines.

Gourd vines grow very rapidly, as Jonah's did of old. One garden which had a gourd vine growing near the street tempted all the neighbors to come and beg for a gourd which they marked with initials, cut with a penknife in the young green cups. When fall came and the vines succumbed to the frost the neighbors arrived to collect their property of yellow gourd cups. There is nothing which better socializes a neighborhood than gardening.

Only Jack's bean stalk can rival Jonah's gourd in rapid growth. There is a climbing bean which is not good to eat but beautiful to see; the leaves of it shade from green into softest brown with purplish undertones, the pods are long and brownish purple and the blossoms are exquisite tones of violet shading to brown. There are other gorgeous beans, some with scarlet and some with white blossoms which are good for food, and pretty and rapid of growth. For quick screening of bare fences or ugly objects nothing is better than the morning-glory. It responds at once to the least bit of care and will soon transform an unattractive spot into a thing of beauty for all summer.

HAPPY is the tenant who falls heir to the home of a garden lover who has planted rhubarb or asparagus, fruit trees or grapes. An asparagus bed is a mine of riches in May and June, and old apple trees will benefit an entire generation. There is so little we can do in this world which is at all likely to be remembered to our credit after us that we might at least, like *Johnny Appleseed*, plant fruit trees.

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I have heard of two old and rather neglected trees which in nineteen hundred and seven bore nine barrels of hand-picked apples and half as many barrels of windfalls.

A concrete dial is a very pretty decoration for any slightly formal garden. It takes the soft weather stains well and serves as a fixed center for keeping the divergent paths straight and orderly. In laying out a circular garden as the Japanese do, a dial would make a very good axis. Flowers, like four-o'clocks, which bloom at stated times, should surround a sundial; it is said that Linnæus could tell the time of day from his window by the blossoms which were open around his dial, but, practically, conventional flowers like tulips help to keep the regularity of line which saves a garden from looking tangled. Bulb beds have also the advantage of variety. With a couple of packages of seeds, the tulip bed will be one of poppies in July and of asters in September.

If the town lot has some natural advantage like a depression, a little study can make the garden charming. A sunken garden may need very little grading, if Nature helps out a bit, and a rise of ground at the back means an easily possible terrace with steps and a tea arbor enlarging the piazza possibilities of a small place.

Less and less does the busy American woman desire to live on her front porch, and rear porches demand a pleasant outlook and are helping to do away with the unsightly backyard. There is almost no condition which cannot be made effective, and before the inconsiderate iconoclast gets the yard to level it off, it will be well to see if it cannot be used as it is with better results.

An abandoned quarry turned into a wild flower garden is not more remarkable than the use made of an old barn site. The latter was on a piece of rising ground and three sides of the foundation were left up as a protection from the winds. The old walls were covered with berry bushes trained against them and the floor of earth was spaded up and planted. The exposure was good and vegetables grew there earlier and later than in less protected places. A red brick wall at the back of one's garden is also a boon. Even the matter of the driveway may make or mar the house, while the most unpromising house conceivable may be saved, or at least bettered, by a tasteful planning of garden, walks and walls.

THE VALUE OF PERMANENT ARCHITECTURE AS A TRUTHFUL EXPRESSION OF NATIONAL CHARACTER: BY THE EDITOR

"Great nations write their autobiography in three manuscripts: the book of their words; the book of their deeds, and the book of their art. Not one of these books can be understood unless we read the other two, but of the three, the only one quite trustworthy is the last. The acts of a nation may be triumphant by its good fortune, and its words mighty by the genius of a few of its children, but its art can be supreme only by the general gifts and common sympathies of the race."—JOHN RUSKIN.



NOTHING short of national honesty can produce a permanent and characteristic national architecture, because the element of sincerity which makes for permanence comes only from the expression in our buildings of direct thought, based upon the fundamental principles which underlie all art expression, but beyond that, governed only by the necessity to satisfy our own individual needs and to express by this means our character as a people. The fundamental principles of architecture are very simple. As Louis Sullivan puts it, they consist of "three elementary forms, namely, the pier, the lintel and the arch. These are the three, the only three letters from which has been expanded the Architectural Art as a great and superb language wherewith Man has expressed, through the generations, the changing drift of his thoughts. Thus, throughout the past and present, each building stands as a social act. In such act we read that which cannot escape our analysis, for it is indelibly fixed in the building, namely, the nature of the thoughts of the individual and the people whose image the building is or was."

From these three elements then,—the pier, the lintel and the arch,—which may be said to form the alphabet of architecture as well as the basis of all construction, has been developed the building art of the whole world. All the variations to which we refer as "style" have come from the application of these basic principles to the erection of buildings to meet individual needs,—whether for simple shelter from the elements, as it was in the beginning, or as an expression in enduring stone of the noblest aspirations and ideals. From this beginning has sprung as many great architectural styles as there are great peoples, and because the forms which have crystallized into these styles were the outcome of honest and direct thought, coupled with a knowledge of the principles of construction, these styles endure today.

We are too apt to think of architecture as the product of past ages and to regard the buildings which stand for all time as expressions of supreme beauty, as being a species of miracle, the like of which is never seen in this prosaic age. Therefore, according to this point



Hunt & Grey, Architects, Los Angeles, Cal.

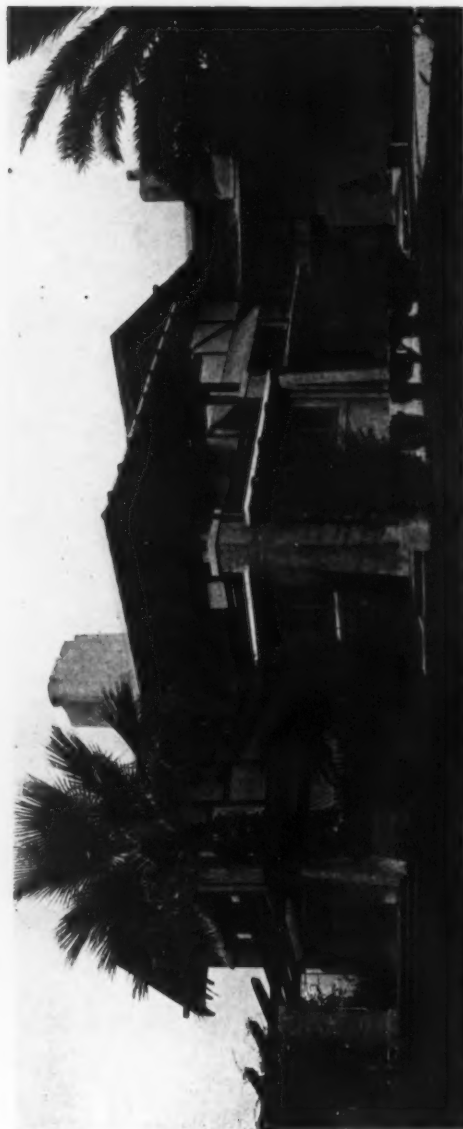


Hunt & Grey, Architects, Los Angeles, Cal.

TWO CHARACTERISTIC HOUSES FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA; ONE SHOWING TYPICAL SHINGLE CONSTRUCTION, THE OTHER, CEMENT WITH TILE ROOF. BOTH PERMANENT IN SENSE OF FITNESS OF DESIGN AND RIGHT USE OF MATERIALS.



Greene & Greene, Architects



Greene & Greene, Architects, Pasadena, Cal.

TWO CALIFORNIA HOUSES THAT SHOW THE QUALITY OF PERMANENCE IN STRUCTURAL FEATURES AND THE USE OF MATERIALS.

THE VALUE OF PERMANENT ARCHITECTURE

of view, all we can do is to imitate them and to adapt to our own needs, so far as we can, a form of building that grew out of the needs of a different people whose life was carried on under widely different conditions. Until this viewpoint is generally acknowledged to be wrong, there is no hope for the growth of a healthy, straightforward and therefore permanent architecture which shall definitely belong to us as a people. This is why we are so disposed to rejoice over each evidence of direct thought and a simple return to the first principles as expressed in the building art, for it seems to indicate that we are on the eve of throwing off, not only our architectural shackles, but some of the other false standards which hitherto have retarded our development.

Beauty in any form is one of the essential elements of the expression of sincere and vigorous thought. It is not the exclusive possession of any one people or any one age, nor does it express itself within the limits prescribed by any label which may be put on it. When you strip it of all the earmarks of period or nationality and bring together for study and comparison the achievements in various forms of art which have meant the presence of beauty in the world, you will find that the principle underlying it all is the common inheritance of humanity, because it is a part of nature and of life. Therefore in all periods which produced anything that we of today consider worth copying, the people thought directly and in the simplest terms, making their own application, according to their own need, of the principles which are universal. The fact that most of the styles we attempt to copy date back for hundreds of years does not argue that those ages were especially prolific in the invention of beautiful forms, or that the living spirit of beauty has vanished from the world; but that the men who unconsciously created those wonderful things which we revere did so because they thought directly and fearlessly, expressing their thought in the work of their hands. The fact that it has endured and has been considered good for all these years proves that the people first lived, then thought and then builded. When we learn to get back, through all forms, to the same fundamental principles upon which these old builders worked, we also will do something that shall last as an enduring record of this country and this age.

ONE of the best examples we have of this element of permanence is found in the architecture of the Japanese, which has persisted for twelve hundred years with but little change, because it has been the product of just such fundamental thinking. In the earlier period of Japanese civilization, the conditions of national life were not so widely different from our own. Japan was a new

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country, peopled by an alien race which brought with it standards and ideals that were the outcome of an older civilization. History tells us that at first Chinese influence predominated in the whole national life of Japan and that Japanese architecture was definitely imitative of Chinese. But as the national spirit developed and the race "found itself" as a separate entity, the period of imitation passed by its own accord, and, having assimilated thoroughly the best of what China had to offer, the Japanese, using this knowledge as a foundation, began to get back to first principles and to apply these to the meeting of their own needs and the expression of their own spirit as a people.

There are abundant evidences that already we are coming to this turning point in our own national and artistic evolution, for we are beginning to outgrow the leading strings of tradition and to show a tendency to use the great achievements of former times as a source of inspiration for equally honest and direct achievement of our own. Our architecture has been chaotic and lacking in significance because our national life and thought also has been chaotic. We have artlessly copied the things that have withstood the test of time without stopping to inquire why these things maintained their integrity throughout hundreds of years, while our own attempts to reproduce or adapt them were confused and evanescent. As Louis Sullivan says, "as we are, so are our buildings." He says plainly that our architecture is confused and not sure of itself, because it is ashamed to be natural and honest. Therefore it lacks a guiding principle and following, as it does, after tradition instead of turning directly to nature for inspiration, it has in it no joy of creation,—no fulness of life,—lacking these qualities to just the extent that they are lacking in our lives.

IN THE building of our homes the basic principles that we should cling to, through all varieties of expression, are primarily those that affect our physical, mental and moral well-being. When we start to build a house, our first care should be to see that it is situated in pleasant and healthful surroundings and that it is so planned as to give ample and comfortable accommodation, plenty of sunlight and fresh air, good drainage and all the hygienic conditions that insure healthful living. When we do this we begin at the right end, basing what we are to do upon certain fundamental necessities, keeping these constantly in view, and striving to meet each one in the best possible manner. The rest follows as a matter of course, providing we are honest enough to adjust the thing we need and desire to the resources that we find we can command when



Wm. L. Price, Architect, Philadelphia.



Reed & Stem, Architects, New York.

TWO WIDELY DIFFERENT EXPRESSIONS OF THE
SAME ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF PERMANENCE IN
DESIGN AND USE OF MATERIALS.



Squires & Wynkoop, Architects, New York.

AN AMERICAN COUNTRY HOME THAT WILL NEED
NO REMODELING AND VERY FEW REPAIRS.

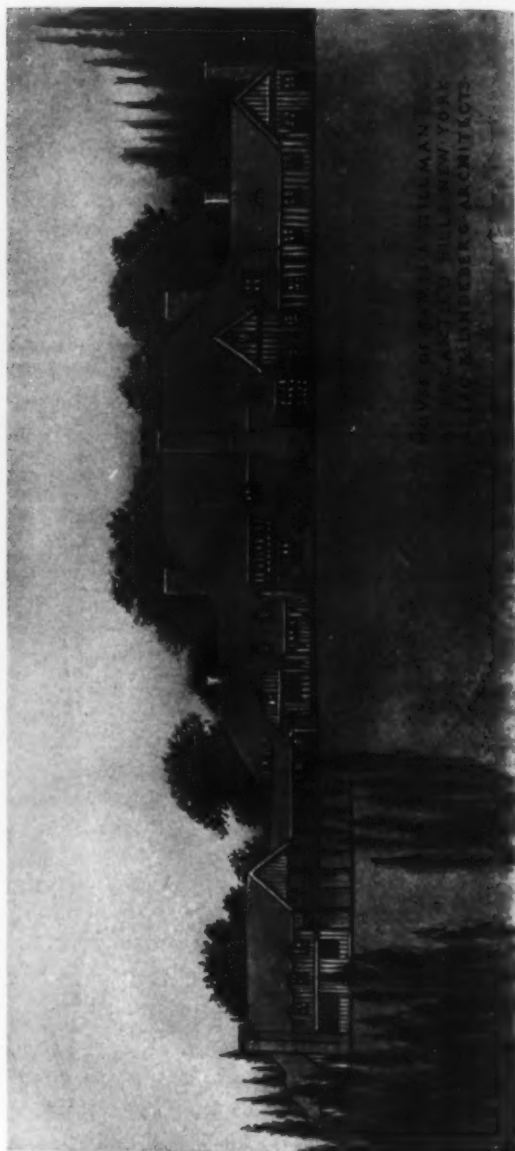


Wilson Eyre, Architect, Philadelphia.

A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY HOUSE THAT BELONGS
TO THE LANDSCAPE AROUND IT.



Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect, New York.



TWO BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEATS NEAR NEW YORK.
SHOWING THE SATISFYING QUALITY THAT EXISTS
WHEN FORM AND PROPORTIONS LEAVE NOTHING
TO BE DESIRED.

THE VALUE OF PERMANENT ARCHITECTURE

we look the problem of living squarely in the face. Starting from this basis, there is little danger that we will go far afield in the effort to satisfy a swarm of unnecessary needs created by artificial conditions. But when we decide to build a new house that shall be handsome and imposing and endeavor to make it a good example of the Classic style, say, or the Gothic, Italian or French Renaissance, we start at the wrong end, disregarding our real needs and taking into account mainly a certain stereotyped set of artificial requirements. In other words, we begin our work hampered by a list of ironclad restrictions that have nothing to do with the home we really need and wish to build, instead of frankly acknowledging a series of healthy and actual needs that must be met in the simplest and most direct way and are therefore an inspiration to the production of a permanently satisfactory dwelling. When we lack this inspiration, and the knowledge of essentials that helps us to carry it out, we work uncertainly and lifelessly because we are merely taking for granted the rules laid down in architectural books, and are thinking with other men's thoughts.

One effect of planning our homes after the thought of other people rather than our own is seen in the constant changing and remodeling of our houses. It is no exaggeration to say that a house built five years ago according to the prevailing fashion at that time is considered by many people to be out of date this year and not quite up to the mark unless it can be remodeled so as to supply the latest improvements or the newest style of decoration. It is amazing to see how people who are otherwise honest and direct are apparently content to live in houses that express anything rather than these qualities,—houses that need remodeling every little while because the original thought in them was on a false basis and therefore unsatisfying,—and seem never to realize the cause of their unrest. The reason seems to be that most people regard art as something in the nature of a hidden mystery, requiring long training and special aptitude even to comprehend, and therefore to be left in the hands of experts whose productions are taken on trust as being necessarily the right thing. With such an idea nothing but impermanence could result, for the reason that a ready-made house planned by someone else after the dictates of what is in vogue at the time, has in it no trace of the owner's individuality and only indirectly meets his needs.

WE HOLD that everyone about to build a house that he intends to be his home should have the benefit of the best advice that can be obtained, but that the architect, however able and experienced, should act rather in the capacity of an advisor than that

THE VALUE OF PERMANENT ARCHITECTURE

of a dictator. The objection to this would naturally be that the average layman knows nothing of the subject and that the part of wisdom is for him to leave it entirely in the hands of the man who has made it a life study. That is just where the trouble lies. If we want buildings that express our own individuality and meet our own needs, it is absolutely necessary that the owner should be sufficiently familiar with the essentials of what he requires to coöperate intelligently with the architect in the production of a house that should, when it is finished, be fitted to stand for the rest of his life and to descend unimpaired and unaltered to his children.

The first things to be considered in the building of such a home are the position, income and occupation of the owner, and the providing of surroundings that seem pleasantest and most natural in relation to the life of the family. With regard to the initial outlay, this would depend largely upon the nature of the owner's income and whether or not it may reasonably be depended upon to continue at about the same level. The creation of an expense that threatens to become a burden in hard times is always a dangerous thing, and this is especially true when it comes to the building of a home, which should be a refuge from the cares of business life rather than an addition to them. While it is undeniably true that economy is often best served by getting a good thing rather than a cheap one at the start, it is also true that the more extravagantly and luxuriously we build in the beginning, the harder the house is to keep up, for there is the wear and tear to be considered and the matter of heating, lighting and caring for each additional room. The main consideration is to spend wisely the money that can be set aside for the building and to do each thing so that it will stay done. Fortunately, the question of cost is not of the first importance, for all that is essential may be had within the limits of almost any reasonable sum that we care to devote to that purpose.

If a house be designed so that its lines and proportions are simple, dignified and in harmony with the surroundings, and built with such care that it will be sure of its natural lease of life, there is no question about its value as a permanent investment, whether the amount invested be large or small. If the interior be arranged so that every inch of space is utilized and the housework made as easy as possible,—so that the housewife can afford to ignore the ever-present domestic problem,—and the rooms large enough for freedom and restfulness, the house will be a comfortable place to live in. And lastly, if the structural features be interesting, the division of wall spaces well planned and the color scheme mellow, friendly and harmonious, no costly furnishings are needed to make it beautiful. Beauty is never

THE VALUE OF PERMANENT ARCHITECTURE

gained by making an inexpensive house in imitation of a costly one, and our besetting architectural sin as a nation has been the attempt to do this very thing. There are many evidences now that we are beginning to grow wiser, and not the least of these is found in the number of dwellings, some large and costly, some small, modest and inexpensive, but each beautiful in its own way and each an honest expression of American life, that are springing up in every part of the country.

The permanent architecture of a country has its beginning in only one place,—the dwelling,—because only there is there room for the honest expression of personal tastes and needs. Once given the idea that good things grow naturally from direct thinking, the progressive architect will inevitably use the same methods in getting at the character of the larger buildings meant for public use. But these always follow the trail that has been blazed by the builders of homes. There are a number of men in this country now who are doing gallant work in blazing these trails, because they have the courage to cast aside precedent, tradition and other restrictions and to handle each separate problem in the most direct way. Several of these pioneers, in response to our request for illustrations of this article, have sent us what they consider good examples of their own work, and these we reproduce here. As will be seen, the houses range from large and luxurious country seats to simple cottages and farmhouses, yet all alike serve to illustrate our meaning when we talk of permanent architecture, because in all are seen the dignity of line and proportion and the right placing of structural features that make a house satisfying from the day it is built until it falls to pieces from old age. Also it will be noticed that these houses are free from all excrescences, eccentricities of shape and unnecessary ornamentation, all of which mar the beauty, add to the cost and shorten the life of any house. In fact, each and every one of them carry out to a marked degree what we have said concerning the essential elements of a permanent architecture, and form the best proof that it is beginning to take shape among us as a genuine expression of American art.

THE REGENERATION OF BEACON HILL: HOW BOSTON GOES ABOUT CIVIC IM- PROVEMENT



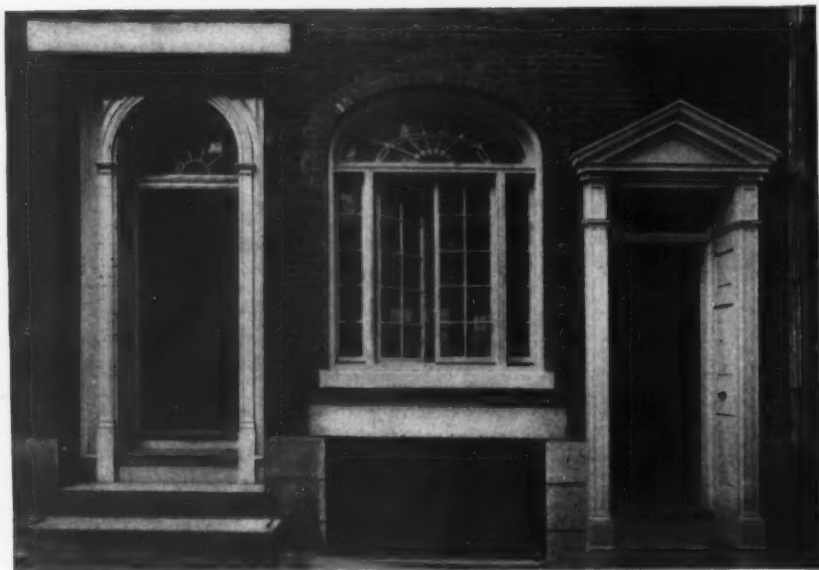
LITTLE group of Boston citizens, working quietly and unobtrusively to improve their own property and the neighborhood lying around it, seem to have hit upon the most direct and practical way of bringing about at least one phase of civic reform. They are not spending fortunes, nor are they effecting any drastic changes, but bit by bit they are redeeming that part of old Boston lying between the lower slope of Beacon Hill and the Charles River to something like its old desirability as a residence neighborhood. This part of the West End had long been given over to stables and tenements which, until recently, seemed to have come to stay. Most of the fine old houses, some of them dating from Colonial days, were elbowed by dirty and unsanitary shacks, and the minor streets, such as Acorn Street, River Street and Lime Street, were chiefly occupied by stablemen and negroes and the servants of people living on Beacon Street. The whole neighborhood took its name and its character from "Horse Chestnut" Street, which has so long been the name for Chestnut Street that it is hardly recognizable without its prefix.

The building of the new river embankment created a possibility of redeeming the neighborhood, if only the property owners would take an interest. That they have done so, and to good purpose, is shown by the result, and yet it is doubtful if each man has spent more than a few hundreds, or at most a few thousands, of dollars in bringing his own property into harmony with the traditions of dignified old Boston. One of the most active of the reformers is an energetic and progressive architect, Frank A. Bourne, who began with his own house on River Street, changing a commonplace building into an interesting and delightful dwelling, and from that has extended his work until it appears throughout the whole neighborhood,—not so much in the form of new or entirely remodeled houses as in old houses renovated and given individuality by a group of windows here, a Colonial doorway there, a quaint bay or an unusual entrance, which restored to it the character of the good Colonial architecture that always has belonged to Boston.

These changes affect most markedly the general character of the streets in this neighborhood, for instead of shabby and commonplace wooden or brick fronts with the usual doors and windows, the façades now show any number of quaint and interesting characteristics. Here a door is deeply recessed after the old Colonial style and is



CRAFTSMEN STUDIOS ON LIME STREET, BOSTON—
FORMERLY SLIME ALLEY. RECONSTRUCTED BY
FRANK A. BOURNE, ARCHITECT.



BUILDINGS ON RIVER STREET, BOSTON, WHICH HAVE BEEN RENDERED BEAUTIFUL AND COMFORTABLE BY MR. BOURNE'S RECONSTRUCTION.

TWO DOORWAYS ON BEACON HILL, WHICH SHOW THE ARTISTIC QUALITY OF MR. BOURNE'S WORK.

SOME CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS IN BOSTON

surmounted by a bay window that is also recessed so that the farthest projection of the bay comes flush with the wall. In another place the entrances of two neighboring residences are planned so that they are definitely related to each other, and the space between is filled with a beautiful Colonial window, as shown in one of the illustrations we have reproduced here. Another house front, filled with the ordinary shuttered windows, shows an entirely different character after the addition of a triple group of small-paned casements, with a quaint hood projecting over the top on the lower floor in one house, and a beautiful bay on the second story next door. Farther up the street,—and barely showing at the edge of the photograph we reproduce here,—is another recessed entrance and almost on a level with the street, with two square bays above, the top one coming almost to the cornice. Some of the alterations are more sweeping, as for example, Mrs. Margaret Deland, the author, has added an entire new front to her home on Newbury Street, the principal feature of which is a series of bays extending from the ground to the mansard roof, where the top one is finished with a balcony.

One of the most notable achievements in regenerating the neighborhood has, however, been the work of Matthew Hale, the young alderman, who is a man after Roosevelt's own heart, and who believes in beginning at home, right in his own neighborhood, to put into practice his theories of civic righteousness. Mr. Hale, who lives in the West End and whose own house shows the spirit of improvement which is doing so much for the neighborhood, bought a pair of tumbledown wooden tenements on Lime Street, better known as "Slime Alley,"—a name that is more suggestive than picturesque. These tenements, which were unsanitary to a degree, were occupied by twelve families, who were speedily induced to seek other accommodations. The tenements were torn down and on the site was erected a new building designed entirely for craftsmen's studios. It is built of brick and cement, with a tile roof, and is planned to afford the utmost convenience to the tenants who have recently moved in. These tenants are metal workers, both men and women; carvers; modelers; decorators; architects and other workers in the various arts and crafts. Its presence in this neighborhood and its general character not only brings a most desirable element into a part of the city which badly needs such associations, but the building itself sets an example which promises to give a still stronger impetus to the movement for improving the neighborhood.



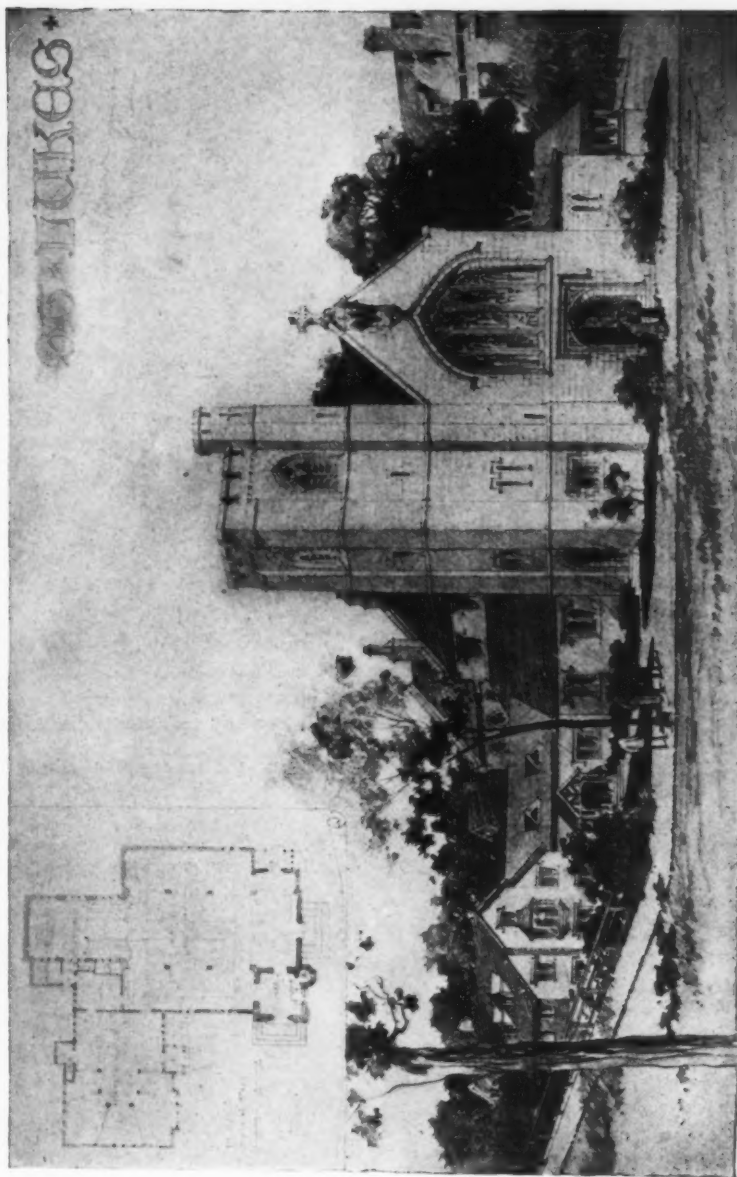
CHURCHES BUILT OF CONCRETE BLOCKS: A FORM OF CONSTRUCTION THAT IS EMI- NENTLY FITTED FOR THIS PURPOSE

THE possibilities of concrete block construction, for buildings that must be comparatively inexpensive and yet should be both dignified and permanent, are now being tested in Massachusetts, where two churches designed by Frank A. Bourne, a Boston architect who holds his mind open to new ideas and takes much satisfaction in working them out in the most sensible and practical way, are to be built in the near future at Dorchester and Franklin. The idea was suggested by the use of this material for the building of Saint Luke's Church at Chelsea, also designed by Mr. Bourne with a special view to the concrete form of construction. We show here both exterior and interior illustrations of this church, giving an idea of the simple and substantial effect of the concrete when used in this manner.

The form of the building is especially adapted to the use of concrete blocks, as the straight, severe lines that characterize the perpendicular Gothic style lend themselves most advantageously to this form of construction. One great advantage is that walls built of such blocks require no other finish, inside or out, than the smooth faces of the blocks themselves, thus doing away with all woodwork, lath, plaster and decoration and making the building practically fireproof. Almost no decoration,—save the effects that can be gained by the struc-

tural use of the blocks themselves,—is used on the exterior of this building, yet the effect is one of unusual interest. In the interior Mr. Bourne has left nearly every detail of the construction frankly revealed and has depended upon the decorative use of this framework, together with the contrast between the warm-toned wood and the cold gray of the concrete, to give the effect desired. A touch of color, of course, is added by the windows and the number of these will be increased as time goes on, each giving another spot of glowing color to relieve the sober tones and simple lines of the interior.

The success of this building, both in design and in the material used, led the congregation of Saint John's Parish, in Franklin, to consult Mr. Bourne with regard to building a church in their own town. As the construction fund was limited, the members of the parish felt that they could not afford a building of stone. Even field stone was beyond their means, and they regarded wood as being hardly a suitable material for a permanent church building. The example of Saint Luke's led them to think favorably of concrete blocks, especially as this form of construction allowed them to take all the time they needed for finishing the building. They decided to manufacture as many blocks as they had money to make, and then if the funds should be insufficient to



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, CHELSEA, MASS. : DESIGNED
FOR CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION : FRANK A. BOURNE,
ARCHITECT.



INTERIOR OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH. SHOWING INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION OF CONCRETE AND WOOD.

CHURCHES BUILT OF CONCRETE BLOCKS

build the church, the blocks could remain until the builders were ready to use them. A further advantage was that the church could be built a section at a time if necessary, as, when the blocks are being laid, the work can stop at any time if funds fail and the walls, defying all the effects of the weather, will remain in undamaged condition until such time as they can be completed. According to the plan, only the nave of the Franklin church will be built immediately. The chancel arch will be of concrete masonry and will be temporarily filled by a partition of concrete stucco on steel lathing fastened to wooden studs. The altar, sanctuary and choir will be placed on a recessed platform, the altar standing against this partition and under the chancel arch. When the congregation feels able to proceed with the construction of the chancel, the work can progress and the extension be entirely finished without disturbing the use of the nave. Then the temporary partition can be removed and the entire church used. For the present the roof will be of open timber work in hard pine, stained dark, and will be covered with some cheap temporary covering, looking forward to future copper or lead, or else it will be slated.

The plan includes the erection of a parish house and rectory adjoining the church, but these supplementary buildings are to be left until some time in the future. All the congregation hopes to do at present is to erect four walls and a roof for a place of worship, but it is firm in the resolve to construct what it does build of enduring materials rightly put together, even if the completion of the plan is deferred for half a century,—the idea being that the building is to last for all time.

Similar plans are entertained by the Mission of the Epiphany in Dorchester, where a church is badly needed, as the work of the mission is now being carried on in a little shop where services are held. This energetic mission hopes, at a cost of about ten thousand dollars, to build first the chancel, blocking up for the present the end that opens into the nave. The

advantage of this scheme is that everything that is built now is permanent and, with the exception of the temporary wall at the west end of the chancel, will not have to be torn down when the building is completed. Even in the case of this wall, the blocks of material are not lost, because they can be used later in the construction of the rest of the church.

The use of the concrete for church construction is a new idea and one that seems most reasonable and feasible, especially as in most cases the funds of the congregation are limited and it takes some time to build the church. Concrete has proven itself in many other forms of construction, and Mr. Bourne's idea of using it for churches opens up many possibilities for building suitable and dignified churches that are as enduring as stone, for a sum that is within reach of a parish that has only moderate means at command. Saint Luke's Church, as it stands, cost a little less than \$15,000, with the south aisle yet to be added.

The churches of Saint Luke's and Saint John's are excellent examples of the perpendicular Gothic style, modified into harmony with an American environment and adapted to the requirements of concrete construction. Mr. Bourne's design for the Church of the Epiphany, however, seems to us to get a little closer to the life of the people. It is simple to a degree,—almost the kind of church that might have been built without any design at all, just as the old Gothic cathedrals were built. Among the people around Dorchester are many Swedes, Norwegians and Danes, most of them Lutherans, who naturally affiliate with the Episcopal Church as they are accustomed to services and teachings that are very similar. This element in the population seems to have impressed its sturdy, simple character upon the very form of the church, which is to be built largely for the use of just such people. It will be preëminently a church of the plain people, not at all the sort of people who would encourage the building of an expensive, showy church.

TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR THE HOME BUILDERS' CLUB: A BUNGALOW OF STONE AND CEMENT AND A SUBURBAN HOUSE OF CONCRETE

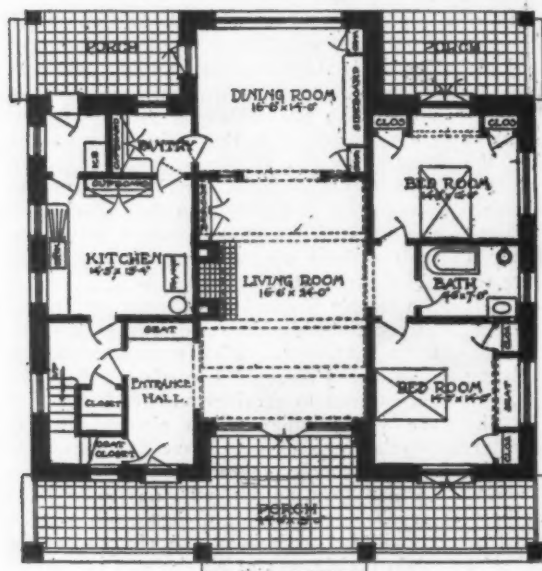
TWO Craftsman houses which differ widely in style and yet are equally well adapted for building in the country or the suburbs are here presented for the use of the Home Builders' Club. The stone house requires ample grounds around it, but the more severe design of the concrete house would be equally at home on a comparatively small lot. As it is, its straight walls and simple construction demand less room than the widespread lines of the other, which in shape is more on the order of the bungalow.

We regard the stone house as one of the most craftsmanlike of all our designs. Of course, the use of stone for building is merely suggested in the event of this material being easy to obtain without too

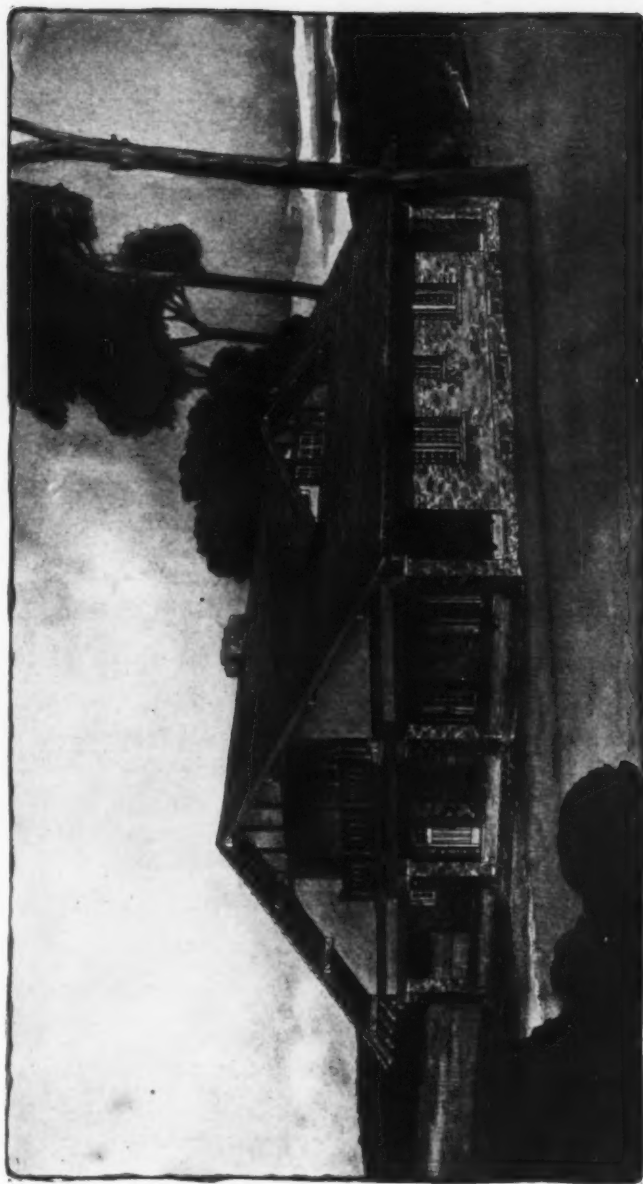
great expense. The house could just as well be built of concrete, or, if a frame house seemed more in keeping with the surroundings, of clapboards or shingles. As in the case of all the Craftsman houses, the illustration is largely suggestive in its nature and merely serves to show the effect of a given material when used to carry out the design.

The use of split field stone for the walls of the lower story and the square pillars of the porch would be so effective that it would be a pity not to use it in a part of the country where stone is easy to get. In such a house the gables would better be of plaster with the half-timber construction, as shown here. This kind of house lends itself admirably to the use of heavy timbers, such as appear all around the walls

at the top of the first story, especially as timbers are used with such good effect in the exposed rafters and girders which support the widely overhanging roof. We wish to call special attention to the construction just over the recess in the middle of the porch, where a beam twelve inches square rests on top of the two beams of equal dimensions which appear at the sides. This raises the line twelve inches just over the recess in which are placed the French doors leading into the living room and the windows on either side, so that by this device we not only obtain a highly decorative structural effect, but admit more light to the living room. Just above is the sleeping porch, also recessed for a part of its depth and protected by a heavy wooden balustrade. This porch affords ample room for two beds, one at either end, and



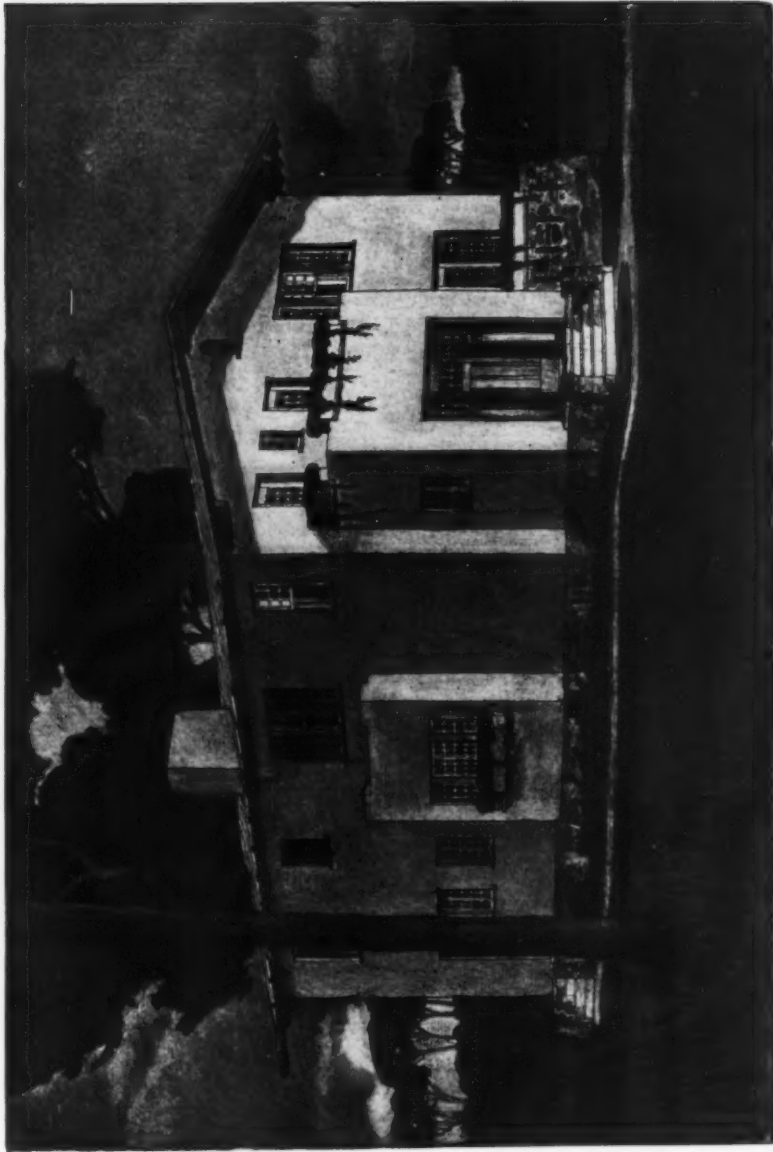
STONE AND CEMENT HOUSE:
FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



A CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW OF STONE AND CEMENT
ADOPTED FOR BUILDING IN COUNTRY OR SUBURBS :
THE SLEEPING PORCH IS A MOST INTERESTING
FEATURE.



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN STONE AND CEMENT
HOUSE, WITH GLIMPSE OF ENTRANCE HALL.



A CRAFTSMAN DESIGN FOR A SUBURBAN HOUSE
OF CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION.



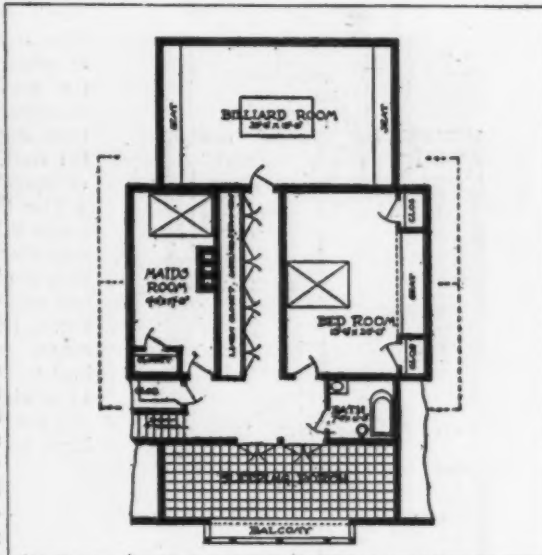
LIVING ROOM IN CONCRETE HOUSE, SHOWING A
BUILT-IN SEAT AND STAIRWAY.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR HOME BUILDERS' CLUB

it is easy to throw a partition across the center, dividing it into two outdoor sleeping rooms. This is made the more practicable by the fact that two French doors, placed side by side, lead to this porch from the upper hall. It would be advisable to have both doors, even if the partition were not used, as the double opening admits much more air and sunshine into the upper part of the house than would be possible with a single doorway.

The floor plan explains the arrangement of the interior, which in many respects could be altered to suit the convenience of the owner. For example, the fireplace in the living room could easily be recessed, forming an attractive fireplace nook. In that case, the range in the kitchen would face the other way. The kitchen itself could be thrown all into one, omitting the small pantry and store room. Built-in cupboards could easily supply the place of the pantry, and the kitchen porch could be enclosed for an outside kitchen and cool room. Also, instead of the built-in sideboard and china closets which extend all across one side of the dining room, an arrangement could be made by which a door would open from the dining room upon the porch at the back, which could then be used as an outdoor dining room or sunroom, instead of a sleeping porch opening from one of the lower bedrooms. Upstairs the billiard room could be used for a bedroom, if needed, or it could even be partitioned across the center to form two rooms.

The suggested treatment of the interior is shown in the illustration, although an adequate idea of the fireplace can hardly be given in black and white. As suggested here, it is built of a kind of brick that shows many varying tones,—copper, dark Indian red, dull purple, peacock blue and the like,—the colors mingling as they

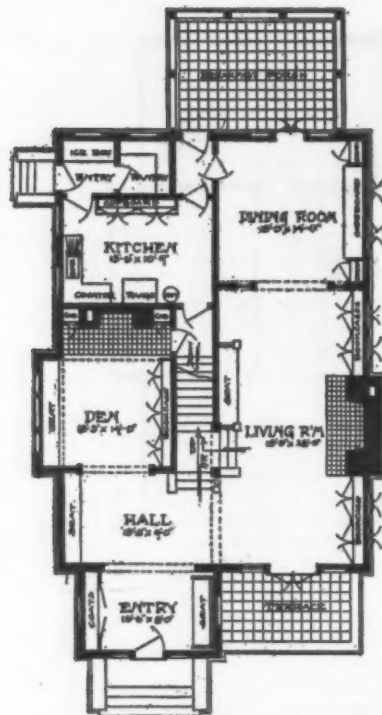


STONE AND CEMENT HOUSE:
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

would in an Oriental rug. When rightly designed, the effect is very beautiful, especially if the colors are carried out in the decorative scheme of the room.

The concrete house is also susceptible to considerable variation. We have had so many demands for houses of concrete construction without timbers that we have shown it here in that way. As it stands here, it is a house that would lend itself very kindly to vine covered walls, as these would tend to soften the severity of the lines and wall spaces. If the simple concrete construction seems too severe, it would be easy to relieve it by putting a balustrade of dark wood on the porch just above the entrance and to make a balcony, also with a wooden balustrade, above the bay at the side. As it stands now, there is a fairly large sleeping porch at the front; but the walls are carried up to form a parapet in place of the balustrade. If the top of the bay at the side were turned into a balcony, the window above would need to be changed into a French door which

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR HOME BUILDERS' CLUB



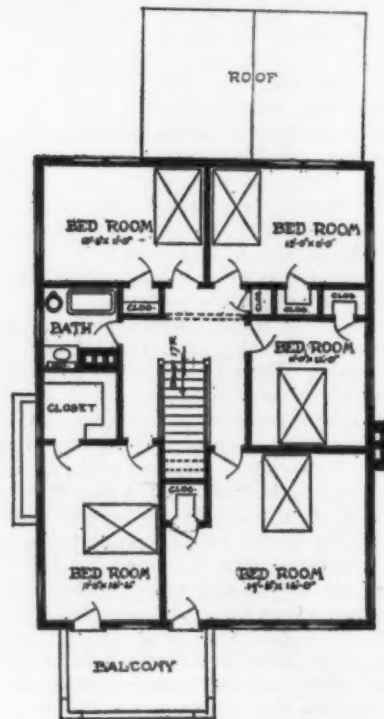
CONCRETE HOUSE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

would give access to it from the bedroom.

The roof of this house is unusually flat, and is meant to be covered with a kind of roofing which we have found particularly durable and satisfactory. This is a composition roofing that is one-eighth of an inch thick and comes in rolls,—like matting. It is laid in strips from the ridge pole down to the eaves and cemented together where it joins. Over each seam is laid a wooden strip or batten five or six inches wide, and the roof at the eaves is wrapped over to form a roll, softening the line into a rounded effect not unlike that of a thatched roof. Such a roof, if properly put on, should last for twenty-five or thirty years without repair, and for this kind of a house it gives an effect that is both interesting and unusual, and is abso-

lutely in keeping with the construction. Also it is inexpensive, costing about half as much as shingles. As suggested here, the roof is too flat for tile, slate, or shingles. If the house were built in surroundings which admitted an absolutely flat roof, the construction might be much cheapened by making it flat.

The floor plans show the economy of space in the arrangement of interior and also the suggestion of large open spaces that is given by the arrangement. There are only suggested divisions between the entry, hall, den, living room and dining room, and the large irregular space is broken by window and fireside seats, built-in sideboard, china cupboards, bookcases and the like, and made cheery by the two large fireplaces in the living room and den.



CONCRETE HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

THE PROPER CONSIDERATION OF LAWNS AND GARDENS: BY C. A. BYERS

"A display of good judgment among the planners of homes," a successful architect once said to the writer, "is comparatively rare. Occasionally we find the man, or the woman, who intends having a home built, possessing thoroughly good predetermined ideas—that is, general ideas for the working out, by us, of the entire home, the grounds as well as the exterior and the interior of the house. But in the majority of cases the most that the prospective builder does is to outline in his mind some crude architectural style for the house alone, usually patterned after the home of some neighbor. And worse still, he thinks only of expending all of the sum of money that he has set aside for home building purposes upon the carrying out of some particular style, with no thought, apparently, of the interior furnishing or of the fixing up of the surrounding grounds. I believe that every architect should have a fair, if not a thorough, knowledge of landscape gardening, or at least that he should work in conjunction with someone who has. I would then advise the client to divide the sum that he contemplates expending upon his home by five, three-fifths of the sum to be used for the building proper, one-fifth for furnishing, and the remaining one-fifth for the gardens."

This may be expressing the case rather strongly and setting too rigid a rule for the monetary disbursements, but no doubt the architect, to a great extent, was right. There is too marked an inclination on the part of home builders toward the neglecting of the house interior and the house setting, particularly the latter. A well designed home signifies more than a well built house. To convert a house into a real home, its interior must be tastefully finished and furnished and its surroundings should embrace appropriate lawn and garden work. The proportioning of the expenditures, however, should be made according to the total amount to be expended, the style of the house to be built, the special location selected and the various

other conditions that affect the undertaking.

The first glimpse of a home afforded to the visitor or passerby reveals the exterior appearance as a whole, and from this a very lasting impression is usually formed. The house itself may be well built and architecturally attractive, but unless the surroundings are well planned and pleasing the impression created is certain to be far from flattering to the builder's taste. A house without an artistic setting, without an appropriate lawn or garden with flowers and trees, or shrubbery of some kind artistically arranged, is like a picture without a frame.

In planning the building of a home, either humble or grand, one should ask oneself if it would not be better to build a slightly smaller or less elaborate house and so be able to put a small portion of the money into lawn and garden work? The expenditures for fixing up the grounds, which should be governed by the location and other conditions, need not be large, especially if one can do at least a part of the work oneself, but every builder of a new home should make some provision for the immediate laying out of a lawn and garden. And every spring thereafter the grounds should be given renewed attention.

No set of rules for gardening can be devised. Successful landscape gardeners, in so far as their work consists of designing is concerned, are born—not made. The most that I can do toward devising rules for lawn and garden designing is to prescribe a number of don'ts—and to let the accompanying illustrations serve as pictorial suggestions. A common mistake among flower lovers who become amateur gardeners is the planting of a conglomerate mixture of colors with no realization of what its collective appearance must be. Here apply the first don't. One color in a single border creation is far better and prettier than half a dozen colors; and one color, say, for instance, a scarlet geranium, with an enclosing row of something like

LAWNS AND GARDENS

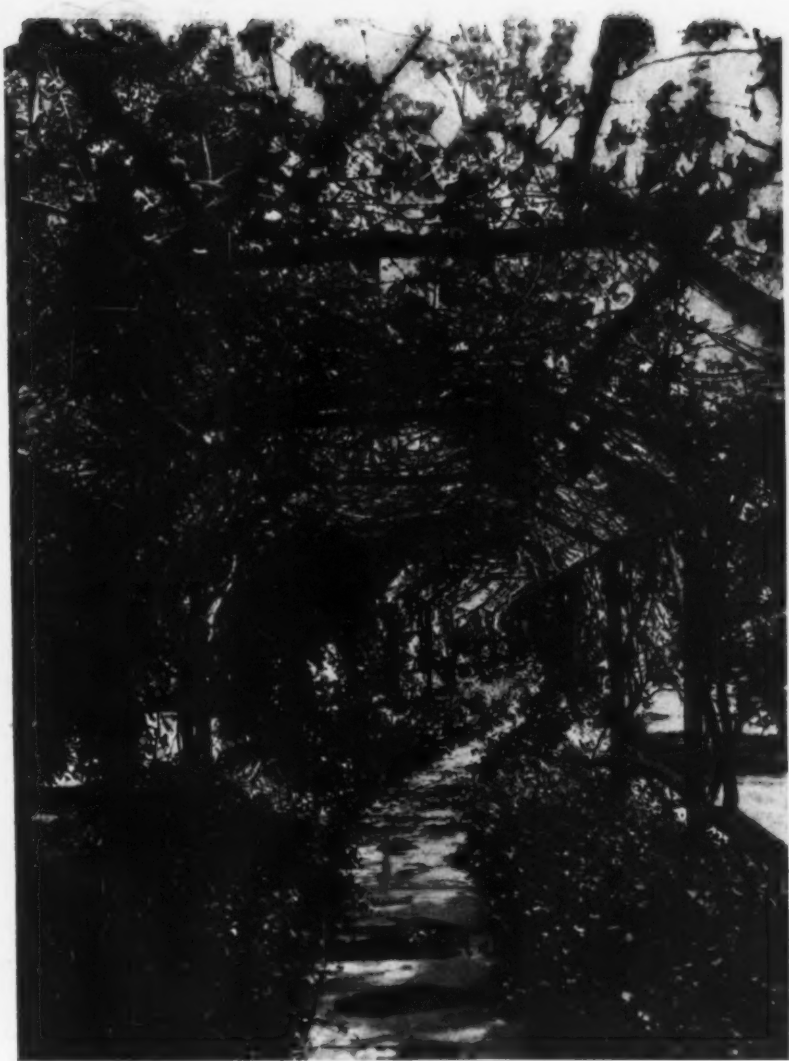
the "dusty miller" makes a simple border scheme that no conglomeration of colors can equal. For circular beds more colors can of course often be used with good taste, but the colors for such spaces should be carefully selected. There is always more danger of having too many colors in any flower plot than too few.

In the matter of tree and shrubbery planting more freedom is allowed. The kinds and number used, however, should be governed by the size of the ground plot, the location and the general character of the landscape. The grounds of city homes are usually limited in size and the arrangement of flowers and shrubs must often be such as give the place an appearance of primness. The city home lawn should be kept mown, the trees well trimmed and the flowers and shrubbery in prim condition. The rear garden in the city, however, is not subject to such rules and therefore individuality may here be given greater exercise.

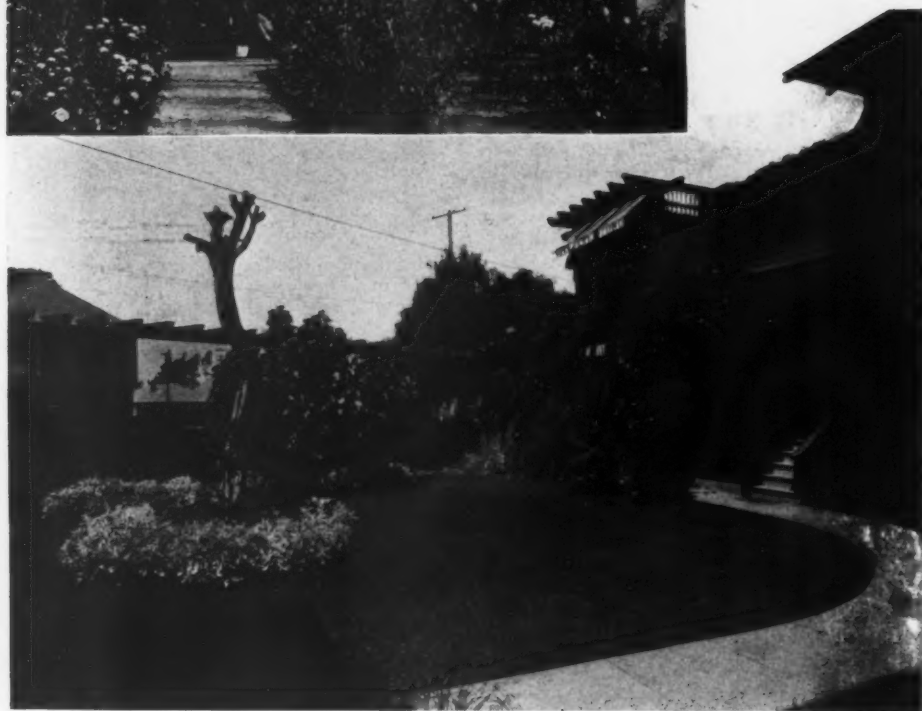
It is the country and suburban homes that offer to the gardener the widest appreciable opportunities. Here he may have creations of every kind—flower-bordered walks, arbors, lily ponds, gnarled and picturesque trees, shaded nooks, pergolas and rustic seats,—everything arranged to suit his own fancies. The grounds may be rugged or level and prim, and designed with no thought of their having to conform with those of the other homes on the street. There are ways of arranging the garden to suit the architectural style of the house, and to create

such a harmony should be the gardener's object. The garden should be as simple as is possible for the every-day home, and, of course, tastefully arranged—in some certain order, so as not to have the appearance in general of being only a conglomeration of various kinds of trees, shrubbery and flowers. Other rules for the laying out of the grounds cannot well be given.

It should be the object of the gardener to plant hardy and long-blooming varieties of flowers, with due consideration as to color combinations, and the planting should be done, in most cases, as early as possible after the frosts. Give the soil proper attention, seeing to it that it is well enriched with manure and that it is occasionally loosened around the plants. Rose bushes and other shrubs that have stood in the garden during the winter should also receive attention of this kind in the spring. A nice lawn and garden enhances the appearance of any home many times, and the work of gardening affords outdoor exercise and to most persons gives much pleasure. From Bacon's essay on gardens is taken the following: "God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures, it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiwork; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection."



A RUSTIC PERGOLA OF THE SIMPLEST CONSTRUCTION, HIDDEN BY ROSES IN JUNE AND GRAPES IN AUTUMN.



See page 108.

GARDENS FOR SIMPLE HOUSES SHOULD BE SIMPLE,
BUT PLANNED WITH A SENSE OF ORDER AND AN
APPRECIATION OF THE VALUE OF COLOR.

"THERE ARE WAYS OF ARRANGING A GARDEN TO
SUIT THE ARCHITECTURAL STYLE OF THE HOUSE."



Courtesy of Country Life in America.

SHOWING WHAT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED IN THE
WAY OF BEAUTY BY THE USE OF A TINY STREAM
OF WATER.



Courtesy of Country Life in America.

A REAL JAPANESE GARDEN WILL HAVE NOT ONLY
WATER BUT A TEMPLE LANTERN, A BRONZE STORK
AND A TINY IMAGE OF BUDDHA.

THE USE OF WATER IN A LITTLE GARDEN

WE have to acknowledge our indebtedness to the Japanese for more inspiration in matters of art and architecture than most of us can realize, and in no department of art is the realization of subtle beauty that lies in simple and unobtrusive things more valuable to us as home makers than the suggestions they give us as to the arrangement of our gardens. With our national impulsiveness, we are too apt to go a step beyond the inspiration and attempt direct imitation, which is a pity, because the inevitable failure that must necessarily attend such mistaken efforts will do more than anything else to discourage people with the idea of trying to have a Japanese garden. But if we once get the idea into our heads that the secret of the whole thing lies in the exquisite sense of proportion that enables a Japanese to produce the effect of a whole landscape within the compass of a small yard, there is some hope of our being able to do the same thing in our own country and in our own way.

Our idea of a garden usually includes a profusion of flowers and ambitious looking shrubs, but the Japanese is less obvious. He loves flowers and has many of them, but the typical Japanese garden is made up chiefly of stones, ferns, dwarf trees and above all water. It may be only a little water,—a tiny, trickling stream not so large as that which would flow from a small garden hose. But, given this little stream, the Japanese gardener,—or the American gardener who once grasps the Japanese idea,—can do wonders. He can take that little stream, which represents an amount of water costing at the outside about three dollars a month, and can so direct it that it pours over piles of rocks in tiny cascades, forming pool after pool, and finally shaping its course through a miniature river into a clear little lake. If it is a strictly Japanese garden, both river and lake will be bridged and the stream will have as many windings as possible to give a chance for a number of bridges. Also it will have temple lanterns of stone,

bronze storks and perhaps a tiny image of Buddha.

But in the American garden we need none of these things, unless indeed we have space enough so that a portion of the grounds may be devoted to a genuine Japanese garden like the one shown in the illustrations. This indeed might have been picked up in Japan and transplanted bodily to America, for it is the garden of Mr. John S. Bradstreet, of Minneapolis, who is a lover of all things Japanese and has been in Japan many times. This garden occupies a space little more than one hundred feet in diameter, and yet the two illustrations we give are only glimpses of its varied charm. They are chosen chiefly because they illustrate the use that can be made of a small stream of water so placed that it trickles over a pile of rocks. The effect produced is that of a mountain glen, and so perfect are the proportions and so harmonious the arrangement that there is no sense of incongruity in the fact that the whole thing is on such a small scale.

Where people have only a small garden, say in the back yard of a city home or in some nook that can be spared from the front lawn, an experiment with the possibilities of rocks, ferns and a small stream of water would bring rich returns. We need no temple lanterns or images of Buddha in this country, but we do need the kind of garden that brings to our minds the recollection of mountain brooks, wooded ravines and still lakes, and while it takes much thought, care and training of one's power of observation and adjustment to get it, the question of space is not one that has to be considered, and the expense is almost nothing at all.

The thing to be most avoided is imitation either of the Japanese models from which we take the suggestion for our own little gardens or of the scenery of which they are intended to remind us. It is safest to regard such gardens merely as an endeavor on our part to create something that will call into life the emotion or memory we wish to perpetuate.



MODERN DYESTUFFS APPLIED TO STENCILING: BY PROFESSOR CHARLES PELLEW OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: NUMBER X

The illustrations for this article were made from old Japanese stencils from the collection of E. T. Shima.

A branch of handicraft work which has recently been attracting a great deal of attention is the graceful and interesting art of stenciling on textiles. This art has been known and practiced in many parts of the world for a considerable period, but its greatest development has been in Japan, where it was in constant use for over three hundred years, and carried to the greatest perfection. From the cheap cotton towels used by the common people for washing and for head covering to the wonderful silk garments worn by the nobility, the almost universal method of decoration has been by the use of stencils.

A few months ago some of my friends among the craftsmen suggested that I assist them in getting effects comparable in some respects, at least, to the Japanese. They and many of their friends had taken up the art quite seriously. They were good designers and were perfectly capable of cutting out patterns in sheets of stiff, waterproof paper, and then of applying suitable colors by means of these paper stencils upon various kinds of fabrics. But they did not know how to make the colors permanent.

The best that they could do was to apply oil paint, more or less thinned with gasoline or turpentine. The drawback to this was evident. In an oil paint the pigment is fastened to the fabric, whatever it may

be, by the boiled linseed oil with which it is mixed, this oil having the property on exposure to air of drying to a hard strong varnish. But if oil paint is applied to a piece of cloth so thick that there is enough oil to hold the color firmly, it is usually so thick that it looks sticky and feels stiff and is liable to crack on washing.

If, on the one hand, the paint is thinned down so much by gasoline that it can be applied as a delicate thin wash it will look all right, to be sure, and show the grain and texture of the cloth, but there will be so little oil present that the pigment will have hardly anything to make it adhere to the fiber and is apt to wash out. In the Japanese stenciled goods, on the other hand, the colors are evidently applied as dyestuffs, and the cloth, whether calico, crape or silk, is fairly and truly dyed, so that the colors will stand washing well and the texture of the cloth is not hidden—and it was this effect that my friends wished to obtain.

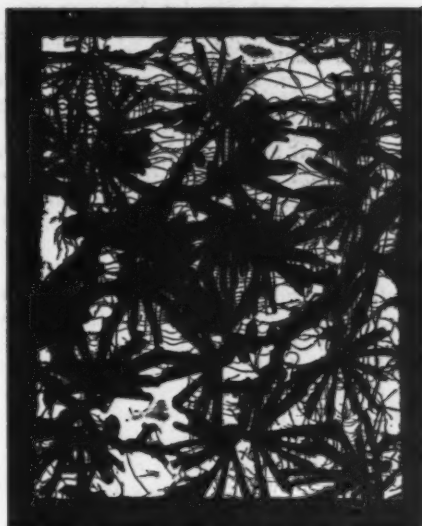
Another point about which numerous inquiries were made was that of "resist stenciling." It appears that in Japan when a girl wishes a new dress, she will sit down and sketch off designs on pieces of brown paper until she gets one that she likes; very probably the family will all take a hand, suggesting improvements and alterations. Finally, when a suitable design has been selected, some one, with

MODERN DYESTUFFS AND STENCILING

a thin, sharp knife, will carefully cut it out in the paper, varnish it properly to make it waterproof and more durable, and then the stencil is taken down to the local dyer to apply the color.

Now, if, as is generally the case, the girl wishes a white dress with colored pattern, the colors are dabbed on to the white cloth through the stencil and there properly fixed. But sometimes the dress is to be blue, or pink, or orange, or even black, and they want the pattern to be white or light against a dark background; in this case the dyer paints or dabs on a peculiar paste which protects the cloth from the action of the dye, "resists" the dye, as it is called; and after this has dried, the dyer dips the goods in the dye-pot, dyeing it the proper color, and later the paste is washed off, leaving the pattern on the white cloth.

Of course, the first thing to do was to find out how the Japanese did the work themselves, and, fortunately, I soon found a friend—a very capable dyeing chemist who had been in the East and had carefully noted everything he saw of interest in the line of textile work. He told me that the colors were fixed by steaming, and



JAPANESE PINE CONE STENCIL.

were prepared as we prepare colors for calico printing, and that the resist paste was made from rice flour, wheat bran, lime water and carbonate of lime boiled up and stirred together to form a paste.

With these facts as a basis it was possible to make experiments with some degree of intelligence, and before very long we could get very satisfactory results.

(a) *Resist Stenciling.*—In this kind of stencil work the only dyes to use are those which can be applied cold, as the Sulphur Dyes and the Indigo or Vat Dyes, both described in previous papers. We have had the best results so far with the Sulphur Dyes, using strong baths and immersing the goods, cotton, linen and silk, for a very short time. With silk, it will be remembered, special precaution must be taken to avoid the weakening action of the alkaline sodium sulphide on the fiber.

This resist paste can be made very easily without the use of the rice flour, wheat bran, etc., by simply making a rather thin paste with wheat flour and boiling water, in which latter zinc sulphate has been dissolved, and then, while hot, stirring in



JAPANESE VINE STENCIL.

MODERN DYESTUFFS AND STENCILING

some white inert powder, like zinc oxide (zinc white) finely powdered, or fine calcium carbonate. The exact proportions are not of much importance. We have obtained good results from the following formula:

In a small agate or china saucepan or casserole boil a small cupful of water, to which has been added half a teaspoonful of zinc sulphate. With this make a smooth paste with a large teaspoonful of wheat flour and then while it is still hot add as much zinc oxide (finely powdered) as you have of dry flour, and stir it in thoroughly till smooth and uniform.

When cool, this paste is brushed into the cloth through the stencil. After it is dried, the cloth can be dyed rather quickly in the Sulphur Dyes and when taken out after the cloth has been wrung smooth and exposed to the air for a few minutes

the pattern can be developed by boiling in soap and water.

It generally gives rather softer effects if the pattern is not a dead white, but slightly shaded. Of course, this depends on the composition of the paste, the care with which it has been applied, and, above all, on the length of time the cloth is exposed to the action of the dyestuff.

Before leaving this subject it may be well to explain the composition of the paste. The wheat flour paste is used because it is more sticky and adhesive than starch or corn-meal paste. (The Japanese, it will be remembered, mixed wheat bran boiled with lime water to their rice flour paste for the same purpose.) The white pigment, zinc oxide, or, which answers just about as well, carbonate of lime, gives more consistency and body to the paste; while the addition of sulphate of zinc is a little chemical trick, known to modern calico printers, for protecting the cloth from the action of the Sulphur Colors. These latter, it will be remembered, are insoluble in water, but dissolve in a solution of sodium sulphide and soda. Now zinc sulphate decomposes the sodium sulphide, forming a white powder, zinc sulphide, and at the same time throwing the color out of solution.

(b) *Color Stenciling.*—The method for obtaining permanent colors used by the Japanese is out of the question for most craftsmen, because of the great difficulty of properly steaming the goods to fix them. In Japan they are so clever with their hands that in every little village the local dyer has built himself a little steam box, with an iron or copper pot underneath, and with a top and sides of lacquered cloth or even of paper, with a light wooden frame, and he can steam his goods there with dry steam by the hour, if necessary. But I know, by experience, how difficult and uncertain it is to steam small quantities of



A FISHING STILL LIFE: DESIGN FOR JAPANESE STENCIL.

MODERN DYESTUFFS AND STENCILING

printed or stenciled goods satisfactorily, even with all the resources of a university laboratory.

Fortunately, a process has been worked out by which very satisfactory results can be obtained with the use of the modest flatiron, applied with some skill and judgment, and without any need, except indeed for very elaborate pieces, of a steam box or any apparatus of that sort.

Stencil Paste.—The colors used in this process are the Basic Colors described in a previous article, and the pastes are made up in much the same way that chemists have long employed, when using these dyes for calico printing. The dyestuff is dissolved in considerable acetic acid and water, a little tartaric acid is added, and then a small amount of a strong solution of tannic acid. After this the mixture is made into a paste of the proper consistency by the addition of a gum of some kind, such as that made by soaking finely powdered gum tragacanth in some 30 parts of hot water.

In the above mixture the tannic acid combines with the Basic Color, forming a tannate, which, though insoluble in water, dissolves readily in acetic acid. When the paste, thinned with a little water, if necessary, is applied to the cloth, it should be allowed to dry, and then, as soon as convenient, carefully ironed over and under a damp cloth, so as to steam it well for a few seconds. Care must be taken here not to have the color run, for until it has been heated in this way it is liable to bleed.

This ironing and the slight accompanying steaming accomplishes, if done carefully, the work done in calico printing by half or three-quarters of an hour in the steam box. It melts the paste and carries it through and into the fibers of the cloth, and at the same time drives off the acetic acid, leaving the insoluble tannate of the dyestuff behind.



FLYING BIRDS IN A
JAPANESE STENCIL.

Fixing Bath.—To make the color quite fast to washing, however, it is necessary to pass the material, generally after rinsing in warm water to dissolve out the gum, in a weak bath of tartar emetic (one small teaspoonful of tartar emetic to one gallon of warm water). The antimony in this compound combines with the color and the tannic acid to form a result which is markedly resistant to washing.

Patents have been applied for to cover both paste and process, not with any idea of interfering with the individual craftsman wishing to prepare his own materials, but in order to make it worth while for some reliable person to put up and keep for sale these pastes, properly prepared.

General Remarks.—The results obtained with the resist paste described above are really very satisfactory from every standpoint. One great advantage for the craftsman in this process is the absolute permanence of the results. The pattern is the color of the original cloth, and the best

MODERN DYESTUFFS AND STENCILING

Sulphur Colors are as permanent as any dyes can be. The same paste, without the zinc oxide, can be used as a resist for the Indigo or Vat Colors, and also for the old Mineral Dyes, iron and manganese, described in my first article. Effects in two, three or more colors can also be readily obtained by starting with cloth already dyed, or by after-dyeing, or by successively applying resist paste to different portions of the fabric, between successive baths of different dyestuffs. These latter effects, however, can be better obtained by the Batik, or wax resist process, to be described later.

The use of the colored stencil paste will not prove quite so simple. On silk it gives extremely pretty, bright effects, quite fast to washing, with great ease, but on calico it takes some little experimenting.

Great care should always be taken to have the cloth, whether cotton, linen, jute or what-not, free from sizing before applying the paste. It is always best to thoroughly boil it out in a soap bath, and then rinse it well, to be sure and have the fibers clean and in a receptive condition. We have found the paste to penetrate better if the cloth is just slightly and evenly dampened before applying the color.



BAMBOO DESIGN IN JAPANESE STENCIL.



WEED DESIGN IN JAPANESE STENCIL.

A serious drawback to this process is the fact that not many Basic Colors are really fast to light. The blues, Methylene Blue in many shades, are very permanent; so, too, are some of the violet shades. The yellows are strong and powerful—but not very fast, and, unfortunately, the reds, even the best, are not nearly as fast as the best reds of the other classes.

Experiments are now being made in my laboratory to obtain a satisfactory black paste for cotton, and also to get some good metallic pastes, gold and silver, to use against dark and light backgrounds.

We are also experimenting on different varieties of stencil paper, and of varnishes and lacquers. Thanks to Mr. E. T. Shima, of this city, some of whose large and beautiful assortment of Japanese stencils are shown in the accompanying illustrations, we have some Japanese stencil knives and stencil brushes, as well as a good variety of large and small Japanese stencils, with which to experiment.

In conclusion, I would call the attention of my readers to the great possibilities of this art. For art instruction, for household decoration, and for dress goods its uses are limitless.



MANUAL TRAINING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

THE recent exhibition of the work of pupils in the manual training department of the New York Public Schools was interesting for the reason that anything which tends toward teaching children to use their hands in the making of useful things is an improvement on the education which depends upon book learning alone. Yet to the close observer the collection of work was eloquent of the weakness that mars our whole system of manual training in the public schools, for the reason that none of it was of the kind which argued a training that could be put to practical use in later years.

Manual training in our public schools started some years ago in a kindergarten way with the teaching of sloyd, which, as I understand it, was purely for the purpose of developing the brain through training the hands. The things made by the students of sloyd seldom amounted to much, and so the making of furniture such as was shown at this exhibition was a step in the right direction. As yet, however, it is not a long step, for the reason that the training is still inadequate, being essentially in the direction of purely theoretical education and away from practical things.

A criticism of the quality of work that was shown was met somewhat indignantly by the assertion that it was not the work of trained cabinetmakers, but of school-boys. That is exactly the point upon which the entire system is weak. Considered from that point of view, it is all play work, undertaken merely as a matter of training, and the boy is treated as an inexperienced

child who is allowed to play at work because of its beneficial effect upon his character and mental development, in the place of learning to do real work that in itself amounts to something. Instead of being taught sound principles of design and construction and so guided that all his work is based upon these principles, he is encouraged to "express his own individuality in designing and making the thing that appeals to him." This is all very well, if the work is merely regarded as play; but if it is regarded as a preparation for the serious business of later life, it unfits the student for real work in just such measure as he shows an aptitude for this play work.

To a practical man, the part of all education that seems most necessary to life as we have to live it, is work. From the very beginning of civilization, the ability to make necessary things has been the most essential part of the training of any man or woman, and this is just as true today as it was in the time of the Cliff Dwellers. As the race grew and added one experience to another, the sum of the whole amounted to what we call civilization. Yet however far this advances, it rests always upon the same foundation,—the ability to make the necessary things which we require. Our greatest men have won their place in history because with them book education was founded upon exactly this homely practical training. When we reverse the process and add what we call manual training to book learning, we do not produce men of the same caliber.

There is no question as to the benefit boys — and girls too — derive from being

MANUAL TRAINING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

taught to work. But it is better not to teach them at all than to give them the wrong teaching. Take, for example, this very question of cabinet work. No one expects a schoolboy to make elaborate pieces of furniture that would equal similar pieces made by a trained cabinet-maker. But why not try simpler pieces, and so begin at the bottom, where all work naturally begins, instead of at the top? If he is taught to make small and simple things and to make each one so that it would pass muster anywhere he learns at the start the fundamental principles of design and proportion and to understand what is meant by thorough workmanship.

There is no objection to his expressing his own individuality, but the natural thing would be for him to express it in more or less primitive forms of construction that are, as far as they go, correct, instead of attempting something that, when it is finished, is all wrong because the boy has not understood what he was about. Unquestionably, there are certain principles and rules as to design, proportion and form that are as fundamental in their nature as the tables of addition, subtraction, division and multiplication with relation to mathematics, or as the alphabet is as a basis to literature. The trained worker learns these things by experience and comes to have a sort of sixth sense with regard to their application. But this takes strong, direct thinking, keen observation and the power of initiative that is possessed only by the very exceptional worker and is almost impossible for a schoolboy.

The builders who created Greek and Gothic architecture worked out these principles for themselves, because they thought in a way that enabled them to handle to the best advantage the materials that they had to use, and upon this was raised the whole structure of the two greatest styles in architecture. They had no precedent, no machines, no ready-made ornamentation to be applied according to the dictates of untrained fancy. But the human ele-

ment was there. They simply worked until they found the answer to each problem in turn, and when they found it, it was right. The rules came later; but the principles upon which the rules were founded were discovered in the very beginning.

We are too hedged about with precedent now to make it easy for our young workers to do the simple, straightforward thing and to discover by experience the difference between right and wrong in the work they do. But it surely is as easy to teach them to do the right thing as the wrong thing. It would be better if all the teaching were based upon some text book carefully compiled by a master workman and kept within certain well defined limits. After the student had thoroughly learned all that lay within these limits and was grounded in the principles of design and construction as carefully as he would be grounded in mathematics or classic literature, he might safely be trusted to produce something that would express his own individuality,—for then, if ever, he would have developed an individuality that was worth while. But as it is, the teacher of manual training seldom has any practical working knowledge of his craft. He never thinks of working out each problem according to the principles which he has proven by his own experience, but either suggests or accepts a design that shows a dozen incongruities which neither he nor the pupil recognize because they do not know the underlying laws upon which all design and construction depend. For example, a teacher will set a boy to building a plain bookcase. The boy and the master together work out the design, but not knowing that the style suggested depends entirely upon good lines, exact proportions and interesting color and texture brought out in the wood itself, the bookcase is built upon the plan that entirely disregards these things. Then to conceal the flaws in workmanship and to remedy the lack of interest, a machine made molding is put on the edge of each shelf and up the sides, and the top edge which, to be in

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harmony, should carry a plain, smooth line, is fretted into a fantastic shape that is entirely out of keeping with such a piece.

It is futile to say of this sort of work that it was done by a schoolboy and therefore what could we expect. The fault is not the boy's, but the teacher's; and these things do not reflect upon the capability of the student, but upon the training that he receives.

What is needed in our public schools is a system of manual training which demands the employment of teachers who are masters in the craft that is taught. If these teachers are high priced, the country should pay the price, because no branch of education is more valuable than right training in this direction. The children are helpless in the matter and we exploit them as we exploit everything else, but they have a right to the best that money can buy and we have no right to waste the time and ability of boys and girls who are getting the training that is to fit them for the work of their whole lives. If a child has only a little time to devote to manual training, he should be taught only a little; but that little should be as thoroughly taught as if he were to become a master cabinetmaker. He may not make many pieces of furniture, but what he does will be done well and the next generation will have better tastes and standards of work and of art because of it.

NOTES

FOLLOWING the international exhibition of modern photography at the National Arts Club came the "Retrospective Exhibition" of the work of John W. Alexander arranged by Frederick S. Lamb and J. Nilsen Laurvik. Sixty-three paintings were exhibited and twenty-nine photographs and drawings, the largest single man's exhibit that the National Arts has shown, so far as the writer knows. The pictures were hung with rare skill and taste, so that upon entering the gallery there was a sense of pleasure from harmonious grouping in re-

lation to color and composition even before getting at the individual beauty of the separate canvases. And of the sheer beauty of many of these paintings of Mr. Alexander's there can be no question, for there is beauty of hue and a strange whimsical, almost Japanese, decorative quality which is rare in any modern portrait, and wholly different from the Mediæval decorative tendency in portraits, which was markedly ecclesiastical. When in Mr. Alexander's work this decorative quality is held subservient to the purpose of composition and does not encroach upon the expression of individuality of the subject it is most interesting because it is personal to the artist and places portrait painting on a new plane; but when it escapes its limitations and presents Mr. Alexander's impulse toward life as he sees it from year to year rather than that of the sitter one feels (especially at a large showing of his work) a certain sameness in the presentation of different subjects, a monotony of appreciation of life, which diminishes one's first impression of greatness. At times he seems not so much to present his models with each separate remote elusive temperament as to reiterate over and over again his own kind of personality, his subjective attitude toward his art. And if his expressions were not so largely conveyed to the world through portraiture one would cherish this repeated decorative quality as a most intimate revelation of Mr. Alexander's method of telling the kind of things which most interested him in life. But a portrait seems somehow to establish a certain limitation to the freedom of artistic expression. It does not seem to be *how* the artist paints a portrait, but rather what he is willing to express in the portrait, to what extent he finds an essential originality and personal freshness in each sitter which it becomes his business to put upon his canvas. And so in a portrait we grant a man his own manner, but not a mannerism, lest the mannerism seem to be inherent in the subject. However, this is but one opinion and not the usual one of Mr. Alexander's

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work. I find that many people are most absorbed in what they call Mr. Alexander's style, the particular quality which is original with him, except as he may have felt it in phases of Japanese art; or may not. It is this quality in fact that many seek for and especially crave in sitting to him for a portrait. And, too, it is almost impossible to escape the charm of it, particularly where it seems related to the type painted.

But far greater than this style in Mr. Alexander's work the writer feels his sympathetic treatment of the emotional quality in womankind, the delicate adjustment of tone to temperament, and his rare understanding that so often beauty is but radiance and grace but an expression of a quality of the soul.

KNOEDLER has recently had an exhibition of the water color drawings of John Singer Sargent. They have evoked almost universal praise, even to being likened in color and sunlight effects to Sorolla's landscapes. One critic was absolutely startled by the "bewildering richness of their color, by the movement of the waters, the modeling of the human figures, by the drawing of even the rigging, and all apparently dashed in carelessly, but every stroke telling." And we are told that although there "are eighty-six of Mr. Sargent's drawings in the collection every one of them is worth studying, for each teaches a lesson of how great effects can be produced by the simple methods if only you have the genius and training to work simply." It is all very perplexing, for what the eye of the layman really seemed to see in this collection was a lot of drawing, often brilliant and dashing, but without the gift of composition or the illusion of reality which comes from enveloping atmosphere, and almost wholly lacking in the power of elimination which enables the artist to suggest a complete scene rather than paint in every detail. It also seemed that it was only when a group of figures or a single face or figure were introduced that one realized

the real Sargent, the most intrepid master in the painting of human beings of these modern days. He has, to be sure, selected interesting lands in which to paint, from Galilee to the Grand Canal, and he has evidently found it a pleasant relaxing change from gray London and smart people; but change is not all that is essential to develop a fresh channel of art expression. It is necessary for a man to look in four different directions to realize the circumference of the earth, and traveling to the Orient does not make Sargent a painter of all the various phases of art which are undoubtedly latent in so great a master.

A recent exhibition at the Macbeth Galleries which has aroused widespread interest among painters and critics was a collection of thirty-eight of Arthur B. Davies' unusual paintings. Among this extraordinary collection of small canvases there were some which seemed most alluringly interesting, as Pelléas and Mélisande is interesting to one not a musician,—remote and strange, with a half-expressed melody. There were others which in sections (and often Mr. Davies' pictures seem divided in sections) were poetical or vividly real. But as a whole the effect of the picture gallery on the "untrained critic" (who Mr. Macbeth naturally finds a thorn in the flesh) was one of great bewilderment, of "something far too fine and good for human nature's daily food." It was not merely as though Mr. Davies made you feel that he had approached heights too fine for the "untrained critic," but rather that his ideal interested him and that he had not thought his public worth an explanation. And even this you would forgive (a word which will amuse Mr. Davies) if you could without the clue find a thrill in his art, in spite of his eccentric composition and usually weird drawing and most often than not whimsical color. Personally, I do not always understand exactly what Miss Pamela Colman Smith has dreamed of in some of her strange fantastic drawings, but almost invariably

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I catch a glimpse of another land and find my imagination stirred and feel an extra heart beat. But what one really thinks or writes about these matters makes but little difference to a man like Arthur B. Davies, for there is always the public who adores (if one is perplexing enough) and there is always the public who is afraid not to adore, for the same reason, and they form a goodly gathering.

THERE has probably never been a season in New York when so much vital progressive distinctive American art has been shown. The galleries have been filled with exhibits pressing upon one another for time and space and crowded with interested spectators since the opening time in October. And I understand from the dealers that this ranks as a banner year for the production, display and sale of American art, which, of course, means an ever growing intelligent appreciation of the significance of our own art production. We have found our space in this department of *THE CRAFTSMAN* far too limited to make mention of the really significant exhibits from month to month, even had we published only the work bearing upon the development of American art along channels of widespread importance. It was *THE CRAFTSMAN*'s purpose to make very special mention of the paintings of D. W. Tryon exhibited at the Montross Galleries early in February, for there is no more sincere artist in the expressing of American landscapes, no more genuine poet of the brush than Mr. Tryon. From season to season one feels this more fully, whether he is painting a bit of sea shimmering in the moonlight or a faint stretch of country road leading somehow to a spiritual farmhouse where the light in the window seems a symbol of all lovely home influence.—Following this exhibit was the worth while showing of a collection of paintings by Alexander Schilling, the development of whose art we have watched with interest for the past few years.—And again most especially was it our purpose to study at length the monotypes and etch-

ings of Eugene Higgins exhibited the first of March at the galleries of Frederick Keppel & Co. We know well Mr. Higgins' paintings of poverty and his extraordinary gift in translating the discordant notes of suffering into the subtler harmonies of art. Mr. Higgins reaches out into the vague essence of poverty and he more often than not ignores the repugnant detail and presents rather vast, gloomy sociological conditions, the dull gray waste spaces in life. His work is not by any means a purely sentimental interest in the poor, which some of us occasionally feel because of personal experience. It is rather a profound apprehension of the value to art of the great spectral shadows which society casts in her self-centered tumultuous progress.

In quite a different vein one finds the exhibit of Blenden Campbell at his stable studio in MacDougal Alley. Mr. Campbell has not, so far, concentrated his gift of expressing life on any one phase of life, but has evidently striven to hold himself sensitive to the beauty of many conditions in turn, until he has expressed them through a technique adapted to the subject. In his studio exhibit were hung side by side a far reach of cool glimmering river and a hot, dingy, murky, reeking Chinese interior where a group of glowering Oriental figures crept out of the Rembrandt shadows; as one glanced from one subject to the other, one began to understand something of this man's interest in life.

At the Macbeth Galleries two exhibitions of special quality extended through much of January and February, the landscape work of Henry W. Ranger and the sea pictures of Paul Dougherty, both of these men, specialists, as it were, in their own vital field of art.

An exhibition of quite another kind was the collection of "Portraits in Miniature" shown at the rooms of the National Society of Craftsmen, painted by Mrs. James Condie Kindlund. The work was of the exquisitely delicate sort one remembers in the old miniatures by early English artists prized today in rare collections. But com-

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bined with this typical miniature presentation, particularly noticeable in the faces of the portraits, there was a certain breadth of brush work in the backgrounds and costumes which rendered the *ensemble* at once both modern and classic. One also received an impression of distinct personality in the varying portraits and of the artist's very strong sense of the picturesqueness of youth. Mrs. Kindlund is from Buffalo and this most creditable exhibit was her New York *debut*.

During February the Carnegie Institute held an exhibition of drawings, studies and photographs of completed mural decorations by Edwin H. Blashfield. This grouping together of most of the work of this artist afforded to the student and art lover an interesting opportunity for a better conception of the scope and significance of Mr. Blashfield's achievement.

A special exhibition of laces, textiles and pottery made by the Handicraft School of Greenwich House was held for a short time this winter at the studios of the National Society of Craftsmen.

At the Bauer-Folsom Galleries, New York, two interesting exhibitions of portraits were held this winter. In one was shown the work of Richard Hall and in the other paintings by Charles Frederick Naegele.

Early this year the Albright Art Gallery of Buffalo held exhibitions of paintings in which were shown the work of F. K. M. Rehn, Henry M. Poore, and a little later one by William M. Chase was opened. Mr. Rehn showed a number of marines, some landscapes of America and scenes in Venice. Winter landscapes of New England and scenes of homely outdoor life were shown in Mr. Poore's paintings, and the exhibition of Mr. Chase's work was most comprehensive, including portraits, studies, landscapes and still life.

H. Wunderlich & Co. have held in their galleries an interesting exhibition of etchings by Frank Brangwyn, an English artist who finds most of his subjects among the workers of the world. Besides the por-

trayal of the humbler parts of London and its people, some lovely bits of France and Italy were shown in this collection.

The Buffalo Society of Artists have announced their Fifth Annual Exhibition of arts and crafts to be held in late March and early April in the Albright Galleries.

Two exhibits were held during March at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. In one was shown a representative collection of paintings by "The Eight," comprising seventy-seven pictures, and the other was a memorial exhibition of thirty-six of the works of George Hetzel.

An exhibition of definite interest was held in the Frederick Keppel Galleries this winter, when a number of etchings of Paris by Charles Meryon were shown. The collection was most representative of this artist's work and included in many instances several impressions of the same plate in different states.

Early in March the Woman's Art Club of New York held an exhibition of water colors, pastels, sculptures and miniatures at the rooms of Hamilton Bell & Co. The landscapes and sculptures ranked high among the achievement, and some good work in portraiture, both in pastels and miniatures, was shown.

WE would like to call attention to the fact that the two carved chests appearing on page 731 of the March *CRAFTSMAN* were wrongly attributed to the workmanship of Mr. Karl von Rydingsvård, whereas they were really the handiwork of two of his pupils. The Viking chest on the upper part of the page was designed and executed by Miss Mabel Runette, and the lower chest of Assyrian design was the work of Miss Hetta Ward.

REVIEWS

IN these days when Spanish art is reviving to such a degree that it appears likely to influence the art of all Europe, the student would find it well worth his while to give careful study

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to a book by Mr. Leonard Williams, entitled, "The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain." This work, which is exhaustive and scholarly, naturally contains much that is historical, as the arts of the people and the crafts, which were evolved from the needs of common life, can be explained only by telling something of the story of the times which produced them.

The book is divided into three volumes, handsomely bound in light gray boards with white linen backs. Part of the first volume is devoted to the gold, silver and jewel work of Spain, which owes so much of its richness to the Moorish art which so long dominated Spain. The remainder of the volume is given to iron work, bronzes and arms, thus gathering all phases of the metal workers' craft into one group.

The second volume deals with furniture, ivories, pottery and glass. Here again the Moorish work is prominent in the gorgeousness of its fancy and the delicate elaboration of the execution. Many quaint legends are connected with the descriptions of the different pieces, so that the reader obtains a very fair idea of the attitude of mind which found expression in these gorgeous and often fantastic forms.

The third volume is given over to textile fabrics, including Spanish silk, cloths and woolens, embroidery, tapestry and lace, showing in many cases the methods of working and giving an excellent idea of Spanish tastes and requirements.

All three books are amply illustrated with half-tones and line cuts, showing famous pieces and characteristic designs. The descriptive matter is carefully compiled and is written with so much understanding and charm of style that it has the interest of a continued narrative.

The third volume is prefaced by an introduction which reviews the entire course of the textile industry in Spain and gives one of those illuminating side glimpses which throws so much light on historic events. The extensive bibliography offers every opportunity for the reader to carry on more extensive researches into the his-

tory of any craft which interests him. ("The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain." By Leonard Williams, Corresponding Member of the Royal Spanish Academies of History and of the Fine Arts. Issued in the "World of Art Series." Three volumes, profusely illustrated; about 290 pages each. Price of the set \$4.50 net. Published by A. C. McClurg and Company.)

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER has given us another significant little volume which is most valuable as a study of American life and progress. It is entitled "The American as He Is," and is divided into three chapters: *The American as a Political Type*; *The American Apart from His Government*; and *The American and the Intellectual Life*.

The first deals with the American type as a unit, giving full weight to the persistence of the Anglo-Saxon impulse and its extraordinary effect in developing what promises to be a homogeneous national character from the chaotic elements which go to making up the American people. Dr. Butler attributes the development of this unit largely to the broadening effect of interstate migration and to the influence of voluntary organizations that are national in their scope and that serve to draw together what otherwise might be provincial and mutually hostile elements. Our Federal Government, especially within the last few years, has also served as a strong force for the bringing about of national and political unity.

Dr. Butler takes up the question of American politics and treats it succinctly, with due recognition of the innate conservatism of the American people and of their reverence for the rule of the Constitution and for the Judiciary as an organ of government. He asserts that the Courts represent the settled habits of thinking of the American people, as either President or Congress may be influenced by the passions and clamor of the moment, but the Federal Courts are there to decide rationally as to

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the exact merits of the case and to uphold the principles laid down in the Constitution. This conservatism Dr. Butler dwells upon with a special emphasis as being the distinguishing characteristic of the American form of government. By its action every immediate demand for political action is tested as to its validity through the standard of the fundamental principles of organized government embodied in the Constitution. And when it comes to the final decision, it is this rule of principles, not of man, which dominates all American political action.

The remainder of the book is devoted to a keen study of the American as the individual, showing his most salient characteristics and the spirit of American life as a whole. This naturally includes a study of American business methods, the large corporations and the growth of the new and vigorous intellectual movement which even now is shaping itself as a natural expression of the national life, which is becoming more definitely co-ordinated with every decade that passes. ("The American as He Is." By Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. 97 pages. Price \$1.00 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THERE is no greater evidence of the general awakening of woman into a broader life than is given by the way in which the home-keeping, domestic woman is applying her new found knowledge and her larger point of view to the improvement of home conditions. A book that deals clearly and forcefully with this phase of the subject is "Home Problems from a New Standpoint," by Caroline L. Hunt. It is not only worth reading, but it is a book that no woman can well afford to miss reading, because it is written sanely and reasonably, with a full recognition of all the ambitions as well as the limitations of woman and is full of valuable suggestions for extending the boundaries of the limitations and giving reasonable satisfaction to the ambitions even while curbing

their tendency to overweening growth.

The claims of man upon woman as the home-maker are by no means ignored, the effort of the author being to give to the breadwinner all that is his due,—and more than in nine cases out of ten he has been accustomed to receiving,—while at the same time putting a check upon the kind of demand which tends to make woman little more than a domestic slave. The servant girl also comes in for her share of fair dealing, the author urging strongly that she be treated not as a servant but as a "household employee," and given the same freedom and dignity, as regards her work and her own individuality, which is accorded without question to other employees. Practical solutions for the problems of household drudgery are also suggested, the author putting in a strong word for more simplicity in our homes and habits and for the encouragement of co-operative enterprises by which the bulk of the work might be done by specialists, who would treat it as a regular business, instead of being done laboriously and wastefully in each individual home.

The book is not a large one, but it is full of meat and it will undoubtedly prove inspiring and helpful to all women who really wish to take hold of the work which it is given them to do and to do it in the best way for all concerned. ("Home Problems from a New Standpoint." By Caroline L. Hunt. 145 pages. Price \$1.00 net. Published by Whitcomb & Barrows, Boston.)

WHILE he was still a power to be reckoned with by the white settlers of this country, the Indian was known simply as an inconvenient and sometimes dangerous trespasser upon lands which belonged by Divine right to the white race from over the seas; but now that he is merely a representative of a helpless race that within another century will probably be extinct, the Indian is becoming a matter of historical interest not only to the ethnologist, but to the ordinary reader. The latter will find much to interest him

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in "True Indian Stories,"—a book of mingled history and legend written by Mr. Jacob Piatt Dunn, Secretary of the Indiana Historical Society. Mr. Dunn has already written several Indian books and is widely known as an authority upon the subject; but this one, although historical, shows an intimate understanding of the red man's side of the case, which makes it of more than ordinary interest.

The book deals not so much with the modern Indian as with the powerful tribes of the past,—the tribes that were very much in the way of peace and progress at the time when the French and English were competing with one another for the possession of the territory northwest of the Ohio River. In all United States histories the Indians play a large part, but this is a history of the deeds of famous Indians during the stormy period which began nearly two hundred years ago and which lasted for at least a century. It includes an index glossary of Indiana Indian names, which are the more interesting to us because they have been permanently impressed upon the natural features and also the towns and cities of this country. ("True Indian Stories." By Jacob Piatt Dunn. Illustrated. 320 pages. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Published by Sentinel Printing Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.)

FOR anyone contemplating a visit to The Netherlands,—especially one interested in the pictures of the famous Dutch School,—an excellent volume of reference is "The Standard Galleries of Holland," by Esther Singleton, a writer who has given us a number of admirable books of this type. This little volume, which can easily be slipped into the pocket, includes the cream of the pictures in The Hague Gallery, The Rijks Museum, The Stedelijk Museum, The Town Hall of Haarlem, and The Boijmans Museum at Rotterdam. Each picture is described in a paragraph which is a triumph of brevity, considering the amount of information given the reader within a very limited

space. The leading characteristics of the artist are set forth, the notable features of the picture, the circumstances under which it was painted or some anecdote concerning it which serves to fix it in the memory, and in many cases a brief reference to other noted paintings by the same artist, which will help the traveler to correlate and identify the works of the several masters. ("The Standard Galleries of Holland." By Esther Singleton. Illustrated. 284 pages. Price \$1.00 net. Published by A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)

RALPH Waldo Trine has added another small volume to the wholesome and inspiring series entitled "The Life Books." This new "Life Book" is called "On the Open Road," and it begins with the articles of a sweet, wholesome and liberal creed of living that, as its subtitle states, is "to be observed today, to be changed tomorrow, or banished, according to tomorrow's light." The different articles of this creed serve in the place of chapter headings, as each one of the short chapters is in the nature of a dissertation upon the principal thought that begins it. To people who are jogging along very comfortably and congratulating themselves that they are neither better nor worse than the average, this book might be a good deal of an eye-opener. To others who are doing their level best to control their own natures and to come into the right relation with humanity at large, it will unquestionably be both an inspiration and a reminder. In any case, a few hours spent in a careful study of what it contains need not be reckoned as lost time. ("On the Open Road." By Ralph Waldo Trine. 62 pages. Price 50 cents, net. Published by The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.)

FOUR small handbooks for the collector or amateur bear the collective title of "Little Books on Art." They deal respectively with enamels, miniatures,—both ancient and modern,—jewelry and

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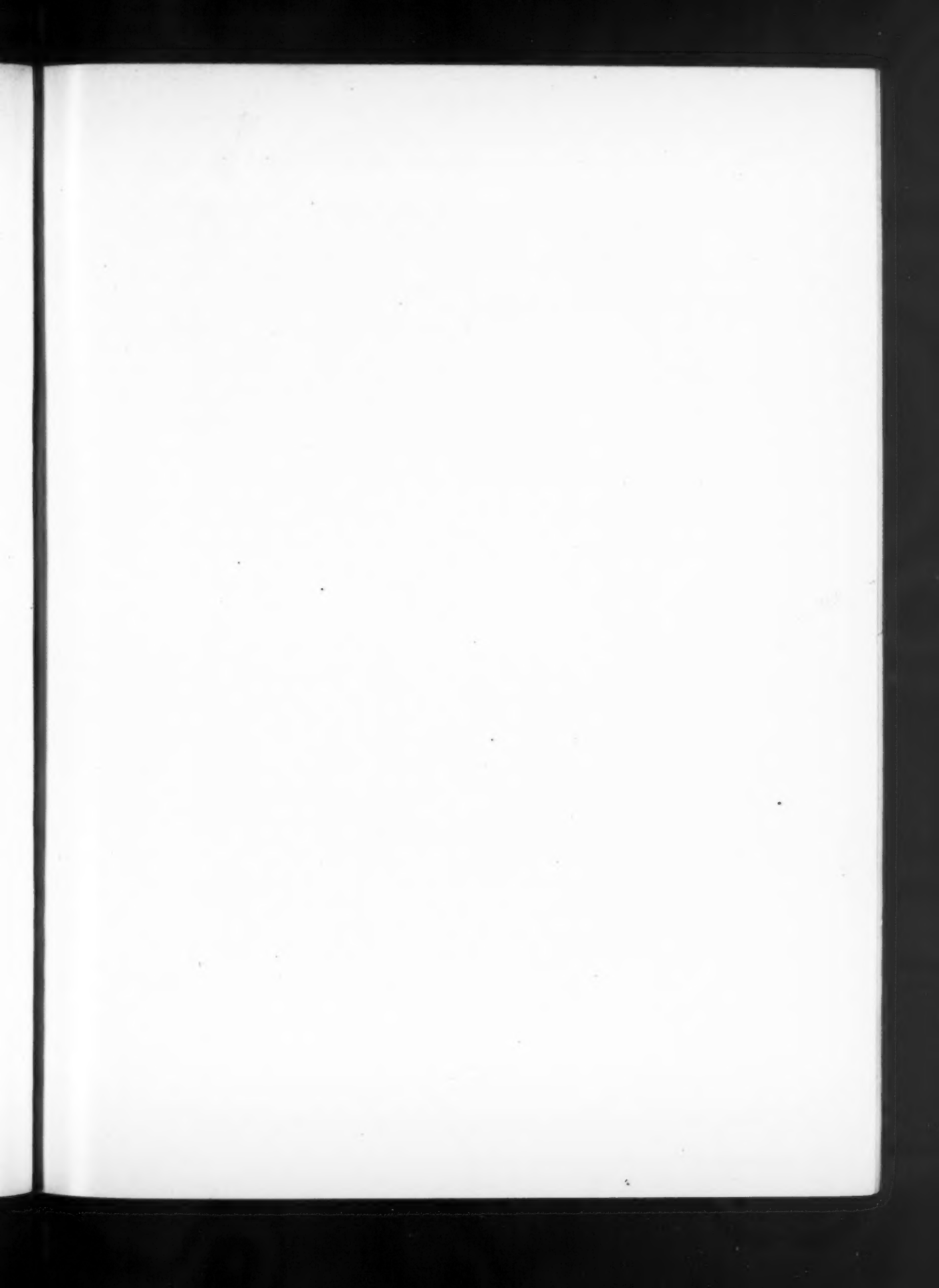
book-plates, and give in condensed form the history of each of these arts, the work of some of the most noted artists and craftsmen, and many illustrations and descriptions of celebrated examples. A good deal of technical detail is also included, so that the books are admirable for the purpose of instruction as well as of general information concerning the arts of which they treat. They are small and very convenient in size, and are attractively bound in dark blue and gold cloth. ("Little Books on Art:" "Enamels," by Mrs. Nelson Dawson; "Miniatures Ancient and Modern," by Cyril Davenport; "Jewellery," by Cyril Davenport; "Book Plates," by Edward Almack, F.S.A. Illustrated. Frontispieces in color. Each volume with bibliography and index. About 180 pages each. Price per volume \$1.00 net. Published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.)

PEOPLE who are interested in Socialism and wish to be informed as to the main outlines of the past history and present activities of the movement will probably be interested in a little book entitled "The Primer of Socialism," especially as it is written by Thomas Kirkup, whose former works on Socialism give him the right to be considered one of the best authorities on the subject. This new book is what its name implies,— a brief clear statement of the leading facts concerning Socialism. It is the sort of book that a busy man might slip into his pocket to read on the way downtown, because it would give him in condensed form enough facts to make him understand what the movement means and what the prospects are as to its ultimately affecting the social and political status of the world. ("The Primer of Socialism." By Thomas Kirkup. 90 pages. Price 40

cents. Published by Adam and Charles Black, London. Imported by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A new volume has been added to the series entitled "Drawings of the Great Masters." This contains the drawings and rough chalk studies made by Alfred Stevens, a number of which are beautifully reproduced. The introduction is by Hugh Stannus and is as condensed and comprehensive as are the introductions to all these books. To the student of drawing this series offers much valuable material, and to the layman they are very interesting, as showing so clearly the methods of working employed by the several masters. ("Drawings of Alfred Stevens." With introduction by Hugh Stannus. 48 plates, Price \$2.50, net. Published by George Newnes, Ltd., London. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A NOTHER book has been added to the series of useful little volumes known as "Collector's Handbooks." This is "Delftware," by N. Hudson Moore, who is a recognized authority upon this and kindred subjects. Both Dutch and English Delftware are taken up from the historical side as well as the technical, so that the book is interesting to the general reader, as well as valuable to the general collector as a book of reference. It is profusely illustrated with examples of characteristic pieces, and nearly half the book is devoted to an extensive list of Delft potters, with the individual mark of each potter or of the factory with which he is connected, and, in most cases, brief explanatory paragraphs which serve further to identify both the potter and his work. (Delftware, Dutch and English." By N. Hudson Moore. Illustrated. 78 pages. Price \$1.00, net. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)





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RICHARD WATSON GILDER, FROM A
PORTRAIT BY WILHELM FUNK.